

Film Fun

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Celluloid Celebrities *In This Number*

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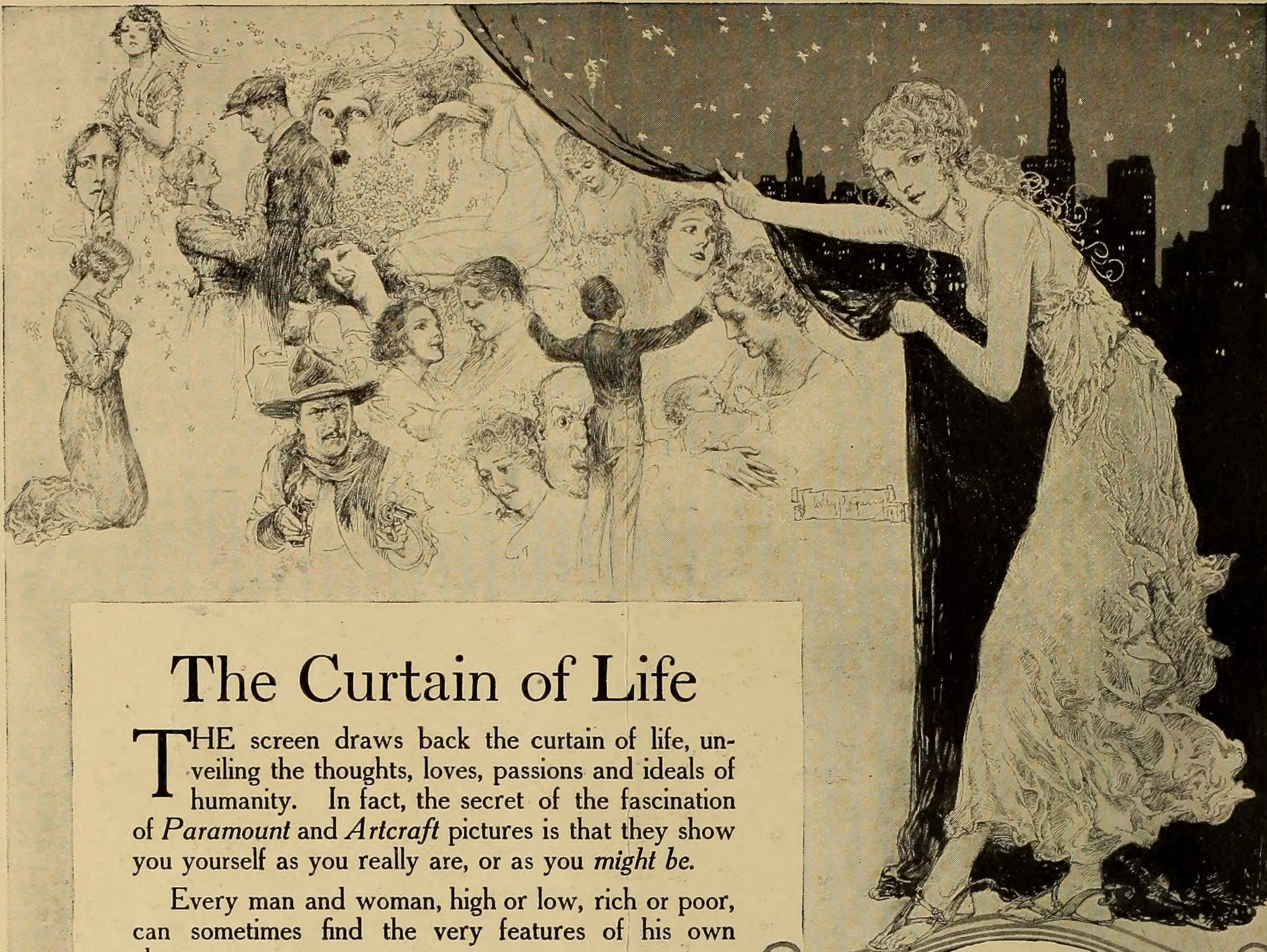
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A FRIENDLY TIP



The Curtain of Life

THE screen draws back the curtain of life, unveiling the thoughts, loves, passions and ideals of humanity. In fact, the secret of the fascination of *Paramount* and *Artcraft* pictures is that they show you yourself as you really are, or as you *might be*.

Every man and woman, high or low, rich or poor, can sometimes find the very features of his own character.

Year after year Famous Players-Lasky Corporation draws together the greatest talent of the screen, of the theatre, of literature, and gives out the results of all this concentrated genius in the form of an ever-changing stream of photo-plays—dramas, comedies, travel pictures.

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You never take a chance if you go by the brand name!

Paramount and Artcraft Motion Pictures

These two trade-marks are the sure way of identifying *Paramount* and *Artcraft* Pictures—and the theatres that show them.



FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION
ADOLPH ZUKOR Pres. JESSE L. LASKY Vice Pres. CECIL B. DE MILLE Director General
NEW YORK



Paramount and Artcraft Stars' Latest Productions

Listed alphabetically, released up to April 30th.
Save the list! And see the pictures!

Paramount

John Barrymore in
"THE TEST OF HONOR"
*Enid Bennett in
"THE LAW OF MEN"
Billie Burke in
"GOOD GRACIOUS ANNABELLE"
Lina Cavalieri in
"THE TWO BRIDES"
Marguerite Clark in
"LET'S ELOPE"
Ethel Clayton in
"PETTIGREW'S GIRL"
*Dorothy Dalton in
"THE HOMEBREAKER"
Pauline Frederick in
"PAID IN FULL"
Dorothy Gish in
"PEPPY POLLY"
Lila Lee in
"RUSTLING A BRIDE"
Vivian Martin in
"LITTLE COMRADE"
Shirley Mason in
"THE RESCUING ANGEL"
*Charles Ray in
"GREASED LIGHTNING"
Wallace Reid in
"THE ROARING ROAD"
Bryant Washburn in
"SOMETHING TO DO"

Paramount-Artcraft Specials

"The Hun Within"
with a Special Star Cast
"Little Women" (from Louisa
M. Alcott's famous book)
A Wm. A. Brady Production
*Supervision of Thomas H. Ince

Paramount-Bray Pictograph—One each week
Paramount-Burton Holmes Travel Pictures—One each week

And remember that any Paramount or Artcraft picture that
you haven't seen is as new as a book you
have never read.

"Private Pent"
with Private HAROLD PEAT
"Sporting Life"
A Maurice Tourneur Production
"The Silver King"
starring William Faversham
"The False Faces"
A Thomas H. Ince Production

Artcraft

Enrico Caruso in
"MY COUSIN"
George M. Cohan in
"HIT THE TRAIL HOLIDAY"
Cecil B. de Mille's Production
"FOR BETTER, FOR WORSE"
Douglas Fairbanks in
"ARIZONA"
Elsie Ferguson in
"EYES OF THE SOUL"
D. W. Griffith's Production
"THE GIRL WHO STAYED AT HOME"
*William S. Hart in
"THE POPPY GIRL'S HUSBAND"
Mary Pickford in
"CAPTAIN KIDD, JR."

Fred Stone in
"JOHNNY GET YOUR GUN"

Paramount Comedies

Paramount-Arbuckle Comedy
"LOVE"
Paramount-Mack Sennett
Comedies
"THE FOOLISH AGE"
"THE LITTLE WIDOW"
Paramount-Flagg Comedy
"THE LAST BOTTLE"
Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew in
"THE AMATEUR LIAR"

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FILM FUN

A MONTHLY REEL OF LAUGHS

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METRO

Nazimova, in "The Red Lantern," though doleful, is decorative. For the New York Follies, she would be a trifle over-dressed, but they are more conservative in the Orient.



ROBERTSON-COLE

LEWIS SMITH PHOTO

H. B. Warner, whose "Sleeping Partners" was one of the season's successes, has deserted stage for screen. His first picture, "The Man Who Turned White," is a tale of the desert and of caravans, in which Warner plays a double role—Captain Rand of the Foreign Legion, and Ali Zaman, leader of a band of Bedouin bandits. Scenes in the photoplay bear a strange likeness to occurrences in the recent Egyptian uprising which transpired while the picture was being filmed in California.



What Q stands for in Anna Q. Nilsson nobody has told us. We should venture that it stood for Queenly, were not that so many queens are formal, fat and frumpish. Likely enough, Quality is the best bet, and the demand for Miss Nilsson's services by various producing companies bears this out.



The Mercereau Sisters, Violet and Claire, the kitten being an adopted member of the family. Claire, on the right, lately forsook the screen for the role of "Pollyanna" on the stage, and smiles accordingly. Violet's smile is accounted for by the fact that she may soon leave for Paris, and there make pictures in a new Paris studio.

Flash Backs

Some News Nuggets and Critical Quips

JACK PICKFORD, we are told, has just completed "In Wrong." We're all glad to hear it.

A news note from Los Angeles says the Anita Stewart Company has gone to San Francisco for a few days, "to get some city and logging scenes." Whoever chose that location erred grievously. San Francisco is a good camp, but when the native sons up there read that story, they are likely to cry, "T-i-m-b-e-r-r-r!" as is done in logging operations when a tree is falling, so folks can keep from getting hurt.

What would you think if told that "Genius is twenty per cent. ideas, thirty per cent. talent and fifty per cent. initiative. Ideas are small in themselves when reduced to brass tacks, but when we put the steam behind, they often turn into something tremendous"? We thought it was tacky. But, then, Doug says he never said it, so there!

"Those who laugh are happy. Laughter is more or less of a habit. To some it comes only with practice. But what's to hinder practicing?"

Napoleon would never have desired a crown could he have seen a movie actor's idea of a king.

Antony might have been lured away from Cleopatra to see a Mack Sennett comedy.

Salome could have turned so many heads as a movie queen that she wouldn't have bothered about John's.

Solomon's wisdom would have passed unnoticed beside the wisdom displayed by Mary Pickford in signing a contract.

Demosthenes wouldn't have gone to the beach to hold pebbles in his mouth. He would have learned that some of our most popular actors are tongue-tied.

William Shakespeare under the star system would never have thought of saying, "The play's the thing."

Queen Elizabeth, on seeing Walter Raleigh lay down

his cloak in the mud, would have said, "Pooh! Movie stuff!"

Methuselah would have stopped his bragging on learning the ages of the time-worn dames who still do ingenue parts.

Diogenes would have quit his search for an honest man upon meeting Theda Bara's press agent.

Elijah could never have gotten away with that ascension stuff. Fans know too much about trick photography.

Jonah's story of the whale would never have caused a ripple. Movie fans swallow greater bunk than Jonah with each new photoplay.

S. M. Berg, writing in a trade journal, states that "with the Prohibition Amendment shortly going into force and the Peace Treaty in Europe about to be signed, there is every likelihood that good times will be enjoyed by all." We don't know "where he gets that stuff." Everywhere we travel the idea seems to prevail that after July 1st it is going to require ceaseless, strenuous effort to "register joy."

As from Colonial days, they're still striving after harmony in Pennsylvania. When it came to the attention of the manager that Lenten observances were decreasing attendance at the Blaine Theater in McAdoo, he rearranged the schedule so the second

show started a half hour after church services were concluded and advertised this fact. Result, increased attendance at both churches and theater, with everyone pleased.

A project for free pictures as a summer attraction in Indianapolis parks is receiving favorable consideration. By that time films of the South Polar expedition will be available, and probably several features filmed at Truckee's midwinter snow carnival, and skate, skii and toboggan pictures. These would tend to relieve heat victims. This might be tried in New York's East Side if an overhead screen were used.



UNIVERSAL

No doubt working as a "Wildcat" enabled Priscilla Dean to scramble after blossoms so gracefully, but she ought to take care or that blithesome gown may have to be unscrambled.

Comments and Criticisms of a Free-Lance

By LINDA A. GRIFFITH

(Mrs. David W. Griffith)

SAYS the Kansas City *Star*: "Mainly because they were known as great singers, Caruso, Mme. Farrar, Anna Case and others have been offered large sums to appear in the movies, and they have responded graciously. The public also has borne the event graciously. Thus far there is no indication that the public would not pay willingly for a good film showing Josef Hoffman playing the piano, and another of Fritz Kreisler playing the violin. So why is it not done?" All things come to him who waits, so perhaps it will be done. Advices from the Paramount office, stating that the second Caruso picture and a Cavalieri picture would be shelved because they were not up to standard, seem to point a turn in the road. The first Caruso picture was not the financial success the producers expected it to be. With sufficient pecuniary losses on films which exploit stars from other fields of art who have no qualifications whatever for screen stardom, producers may be prevailed upon to stop the ridiculous custom. The box office will eventually tell the story.

A New Type of Vamp

"The Test," in which the Paramount offers John Barrymore in his first dramatic picture, is one of the most artistic and high-grade photoplays seen hereabouts in many a moon. It is like a cool, refreshing shower after a drought. While morbid in theme, it is splendidly acted. The picture brings two faces new to the screen in prominent parts. Constance Binney, one of the newcomers, now winning laurels for her work in Rachel Crother's new play, "39 East," is a darling little person with a lovely face and a winning personality. The petite stars of the screen need to look to their laurels, for a substantial rival looms large on the horizon. Miss Binney is adorable. She has youth, beauty, personality and a simple, unaffected, direct style of acting. Marcia Manon, who has been seen heretofore in less prominent parts than the one of *Lady Ruth Ferris* in "The Test," portrays a new type of vamp and a welcome one. It was much needed. She is a very stunning woman, who wears her hair in a daring fashion (for the screen) and displays some striking costumes. Her face is sensitive and capable of great play of expression. Most of all, she both



CAMPBELL STUDIOS

LINDA A. GRIFFITH

Editor's Note.—The writer, who began her career with the Biograph Company, is well known in the moving picture world. Her latest success was as star in her own striking sociological play "Charity." She is a keen critic and analyst of all that pertains to motion picture art, and tells the truth about those who are either striving for its downfall or working for its advancement.

appears intelligent and acts so. I should say she had a good running chance to outvamp all the movie "vamps." Physically Miss Manon is much like Clara Kimball Young, but to my mind she has a more interesting and intellectual face. John Barrymore gives an excellent performance. His work is quite as telling on the screen as on the stage. He rises to great dramatic heights. His "make-ups" are works of art, but that prison wig, worn for a few short scenes, was, as they always are, very bad. This wig is so utterly different to Mr. Barrymore's hair immediately before and after prison. Cannot the wig makers turn out something to better represent "cropped hair"? Photography good, direction also, though not up to the high standard of the acting, for that is one hundred per cent. There are a few trite sub-titles for which other more up-to-date captions might well be substituted.

Putting Over "Youth" in the Movies

It is generally conceded that the older we grow the less active we become, our movements slow down, our steps slacken their pace, with conscious deliberation we rise from our easy chair, and with equal deliberation we gently sink into its downy depths. All of which is just as true as it is not true. There are numbers of young men over sixty—yes, over eighty—of fine, keen mentality, with equally keen and alert bodies, active leaders in public life. And no doubt just as many in private life. I have a father, some forty-five years my senior, who can beat me all hollow climbing the steep hills of San Francisco. Now there seems to be a similar fallacy regarding "youth," and that is that it is never "still." It never walks, but jumps, hops and skips, and is never quiet for one moment of its wakeful hours. Some children and some youths do so deport themselves, but is it not more a matter of temperament than of one's numbered days on earth? On the screen this "youth" is portrayed by a staccato jerkiness of head, arms, legs and feet. I have seen small boys work quietly for hours over some mechanical toy, and in the same quiet way little girls "playing house" with their dolls and tea things. But the movie ingenue alone must appear as some wild, untamed creature, who never sits on a chair, but

prefers to slide down over the back of it; she leaps over tables, and even does a handspring down the center of the drawing-room. Most young women who live in drawing-rooms are taught to walk gently and as gracefully as possible. Quite like monkeys in a zoo do some movie ingenues gyrate. At times the audience might be easily forgiven for thinking the "sweet young thing" has the St. Vitus dance. Is it a fear that she might be thought a few days past the fatal movie age of seventeen that she frisks about until one's nerves are quite on edge?

There are times when the actress portraying a young girl of fourteen up to twenty be called upon to interpret a sprightly, muchly animated miss. There should be a reason for it, as is shown in that splendid photoplay, "Out of the Fog," in which Nazimova played the natural, untamed child of the elements, one whose playmates had been the storm-tossed sea and the jagged rocks that set off the lonely lighthouse where she lived alone with a crabbed, austere uncle. Nazimova is probably some few summers past seventeen (I have no idea how many and it doesn't matter), but the youngest movie star could sit at the feet of Nazimova and learn how to portray "youth." Hers was not a self-conscious imitation of her director's playing of the scene, as if to say, "Now I jump—one, two, three; and now I hop—one, two, three." Intelligence does count for something on the screen, and it is quite as necessary to be able to feel "youth" as to be young in years when interpreting "youth" for the screen—granted that the face be not old and haggard. This, of course, holds equally true for the stage, for who among the youngest leading men of to-day could play "Peer Gynt" as that genius, Richard Mansfield, played it?

In another recent picture where animated youth held forth, Griffith's "The Girl Who Stayed at Home," a newcomer, by name Clarice Seymour, as *Cutie Beautiful*, lived up to her character by giving a very beautiful performance of a little miss who simply couldn't keep her feet still. She just had to dance. When her lover went "overseas" to fight, she knitted him socks in time to the same record on her Victrola to which the two had danced in happier hours. Her character was a sincere creation, and she played it with great feeling and sincerity. When parts call for this wild abandon of youth, if they can be interpreted by intelligent actresses or by artists, all well and good. Nothing makes the movie ingenue appear more ridiculous and more boring than when she is supposed to be bubbling over with the joy of life and youth, and the poor thing's knowledge of

life and feeling for life is simply nil. Futile attempts to be animated are always pathetic, whether on the screen or in life. There are young women of both the highest and lowest social rating who are quiet and gentle and reposeful. Why not try them in the movies for a change?

Not for the Screen

I did not expect much of "Good Gracious, Annabelle!" for how could this brilliant play, the work of Claire Kummer, be intelligently or entertainingly transferred to the screen? It cannot be done, but as I am informed that that is sometimes the last consideration of the producer, no one should be surprised at the result. I defy anyone who had not seen the play to tell what this movie story was about. Miss Burke is charming and she has a tremendous following throughout the country. "Good Gracious, Annabelle!" was a delight as a play, brilliant and most enjoyable. It was never meant for the screen, as everyone who has seen this movie can testify.

An Irreparable Loss

An irreparable loss to motion picture advancement and to the big public who do dearly loved him comes with the passing of Sidney Drew. He was the only one in the industry to put out a program of clean, consistent, refined comedies. The stories were slight in theme, but always wholesome and happy. Mr. and Mrs. Drew as "Henry and Polly" were like human relations that one was fond of. They were so "homey." Mr. Drew proved that simple, clean comedy could be made to pay and that there was a public for other comedies than those made up of coarse comedians and nude bathing girls, with a "mad chase" as a wind-up. The vacancy left by Mr. Drew's death will be hard to fill. Since the beginning of pictures he was the only one to succeed in his class of screen comedy, by all odds the very hardest line of the work in which to "make good."

A Lost Charm

Why have the "Anita Stewart" pictures fallen so far short of all expectation? Here is an actress who some few years ago bid fair to become the biggest woman in motion pictures. That was at the time of Vitagraph's pretentious serial, "The Goddess." Way back to the time of "A Million Bid," Miss Stewart contributed splendid work to the screen. That was in the day when Ralph Ince was her director. Then came big offers to Miss Stewart, new contracts, broken contracts, resultant litigation and

(Continued on page 34)



PARAMOUNT-GRIFFITH

Clarice Seymour, "The Girl Who Stayed at Home," with Dick Barthelmess. Who Wouldn't?

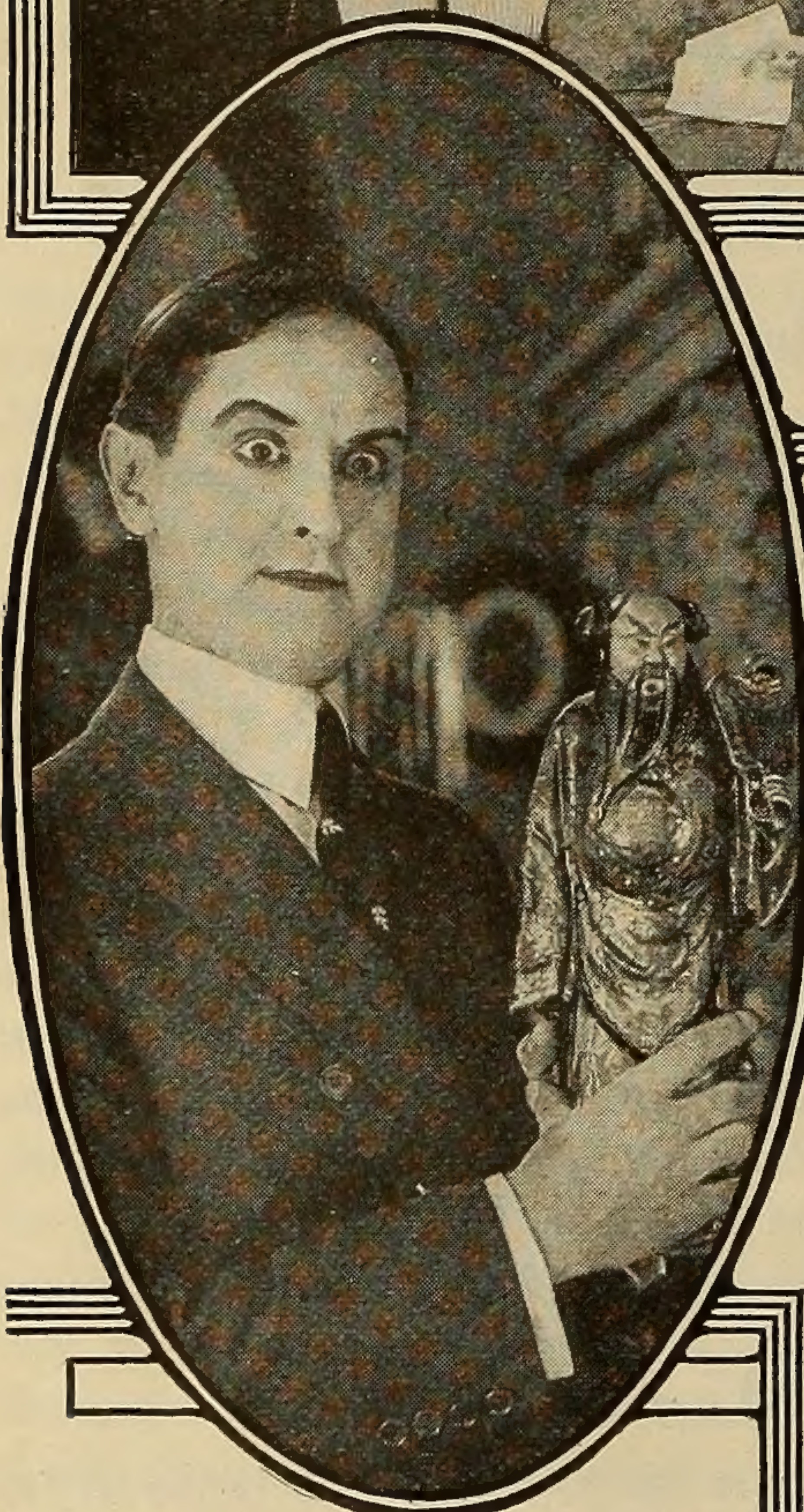
A Woman Hater Becomes "A Regular Fellow"



1. Grandfather's ultimatum—The woman hater must marry.



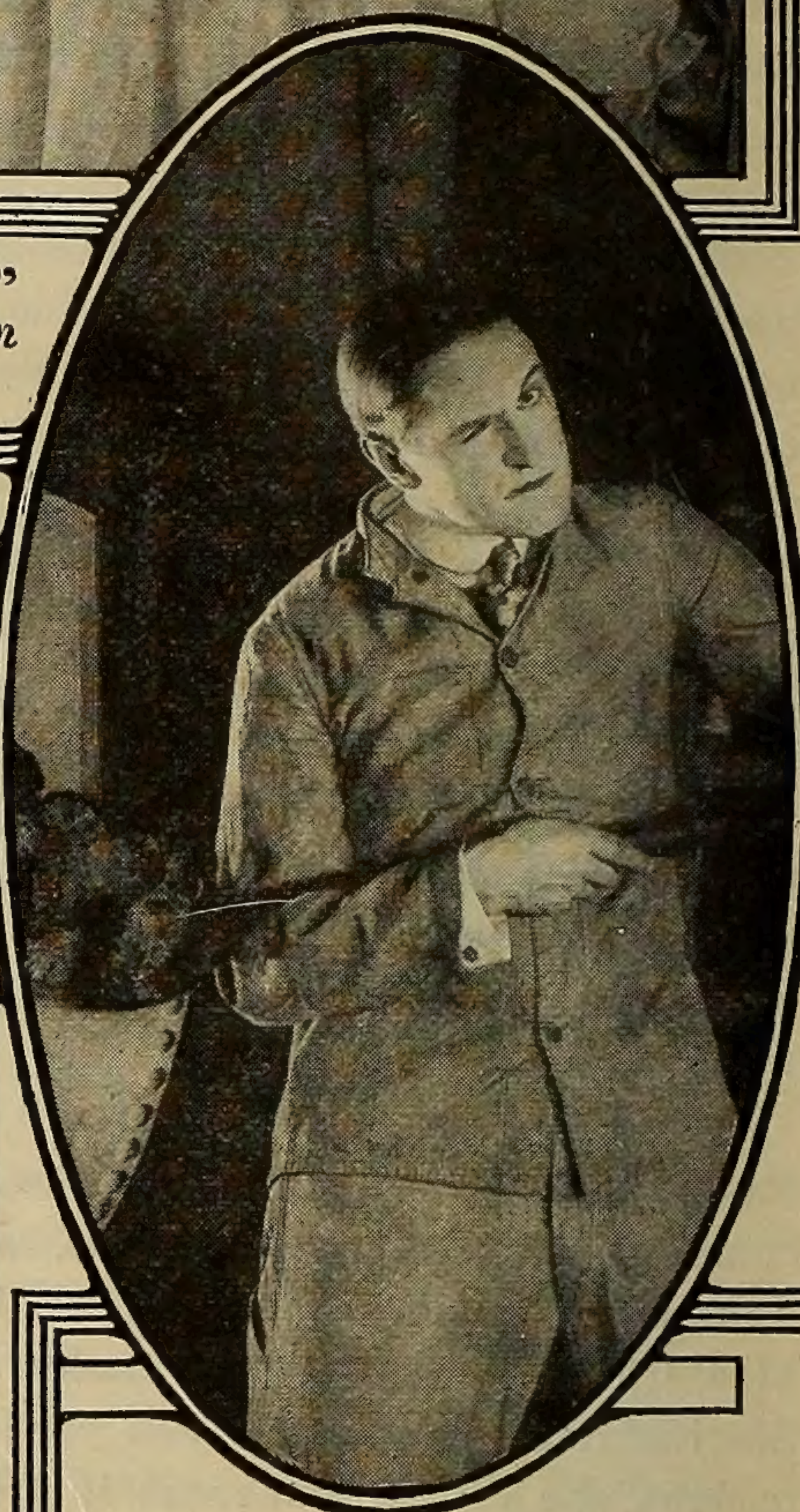
2. He meets "the girl." Woman hating goes in the discard.



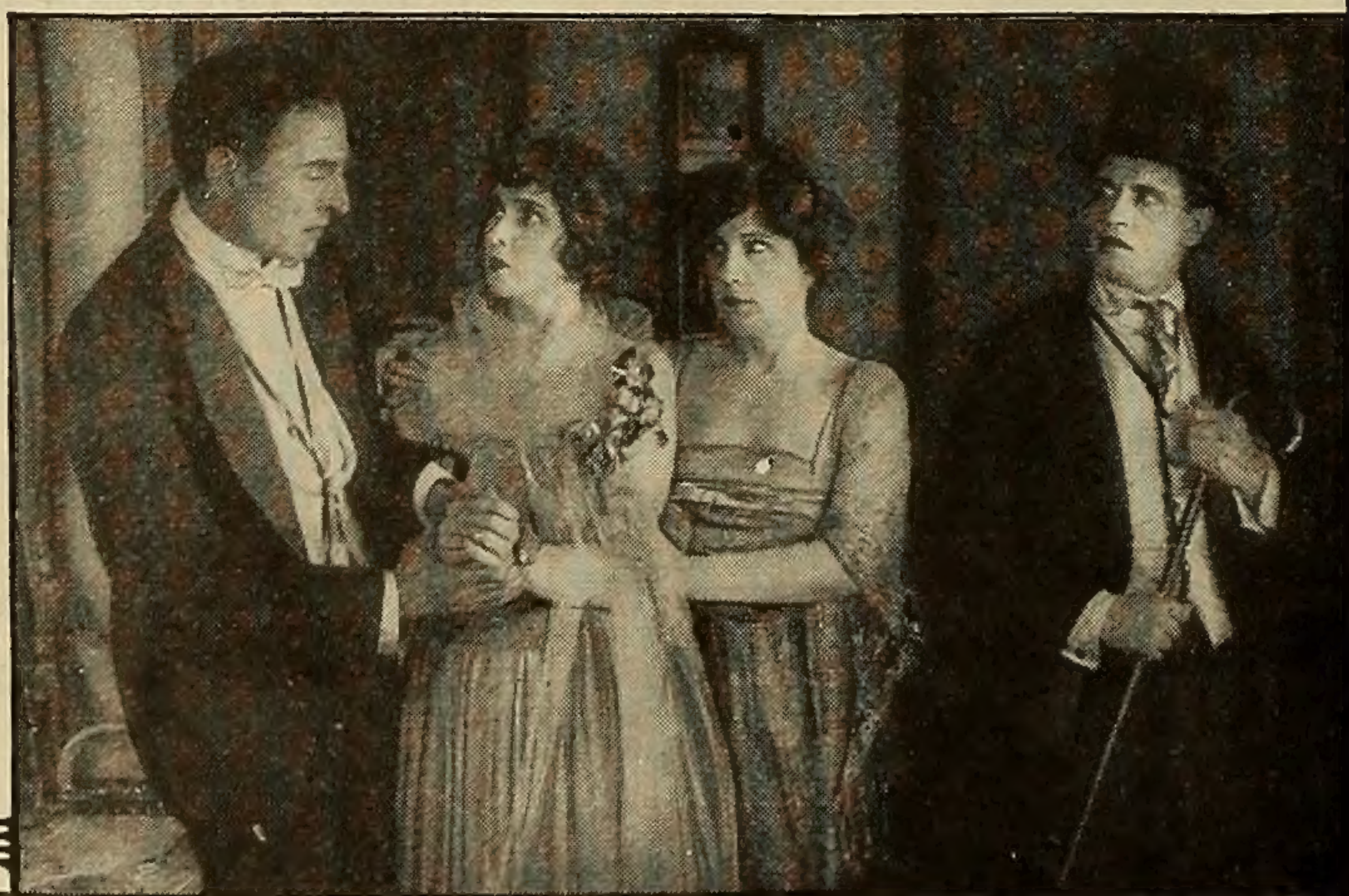
3. With a goddess now to worship, Dalion decides to smash his false gods.

A Peep at the Plot

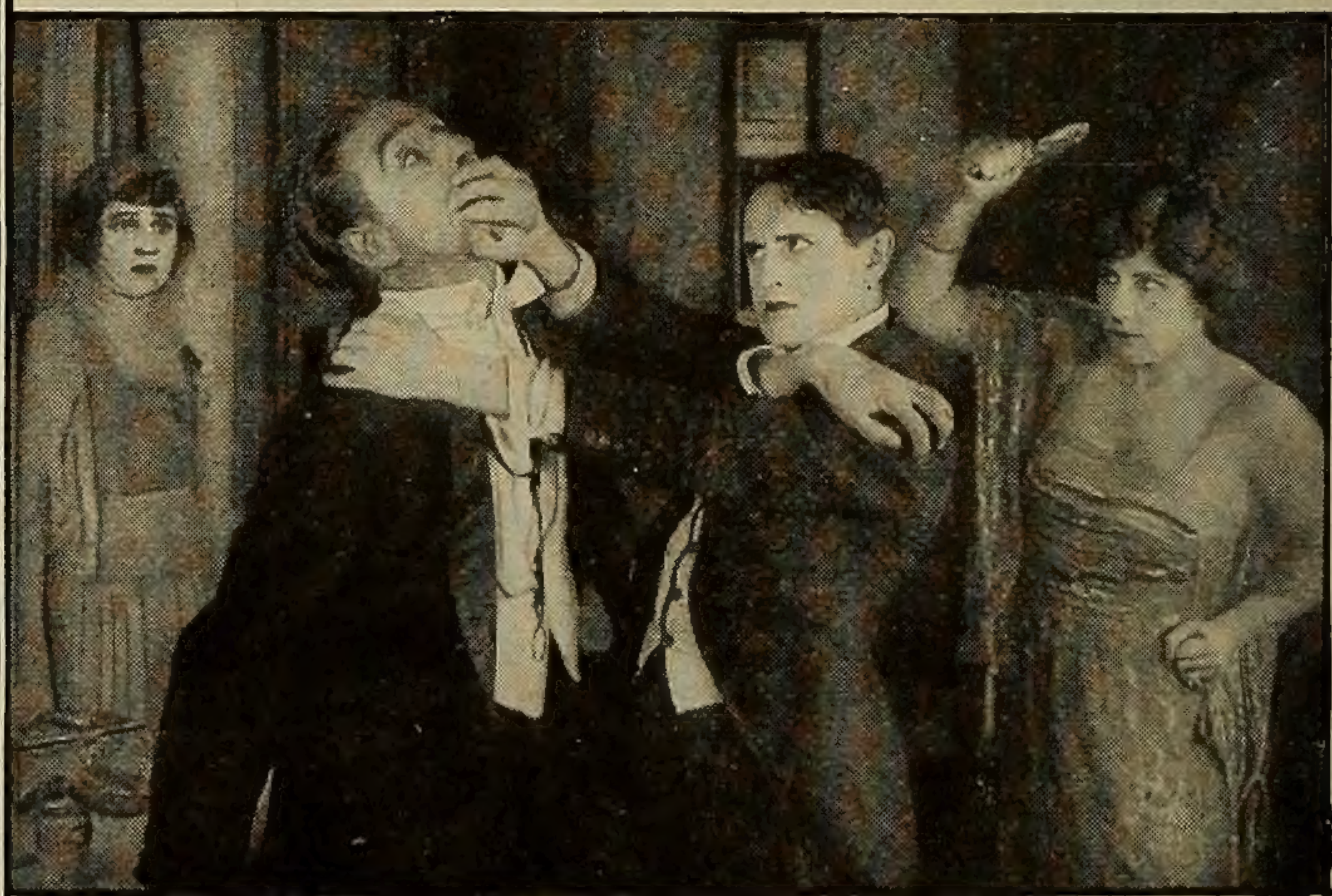
Dalion Pemberton (Taylor Holmes) is a woman hater. When told by his grandfather that he must marry *Virginia Christy*, he runs away to South America. There he meets a girl who makes him forget about woman hating. When she sails for New York, he sails, too—as a stowaway—and is arrested on arrival. Two cellmates force him to break jail with them and plan a robbery. They find that the wealthy home of their designs is already being "worked" by thieves, and all sorts of blows are struck before *Pemberton* can wriggle out of bad company. He is amazed to find that the home the crooks had planned to rob is that of the girl of the steamer. Also, that the girl is *Virginia Christy*, to avoid marrying whom he fled to South America. Joyous ending.



4. On the same steamer with "the girl," but in a different—such a different—cabin.



5. Crooks in plenty. Rid of one set, Dalion finds himself in the presence of another, a pair of adventurers with designs upon "the girl." They met her on the boat, coming to New York.



6. Timid as a "woman hater," Dalion develops into something of a fighter when "the girl" is concerned. And no grandfather's ultimatum is necessary to make him marry her finally.

Marion Davies in "Getting Mary Married"



1. Mary is practically a prisoner in the richly furnished home of her stepfather.



2. John Bussard reproves Mary for her lack of taste in framing her mother's portrait.



3. Mary's meeting with the poor widow whose money was lost through Bussard.

The Story Briefly Put

Mary (Marion Davies) is the stepdaughter of old John Bussard. Everything Mary does is "bad form," so he trains her for his own exalted circle. One day he dies, and Mary hears that she is to inherit his fortune if she will but live a year with the Boston Bussards, so as to acquire more culture. About to refuse, she meets a poor widow who lost her money through Bussard's unscrupulousness. That money, Mary decides, must be paid back, so to Boston she goes. There she meets James Winthrop, rich and eligible, who learns Mary's story and loves her. He works the market so that the widow is reimbursed out of the Bussard fortune. Before the year is up, Winthrop gets Mary, and the Bussards get the "fortune"—which now amounts to 36 cents.



4. Mary and her dog get rather a chilly reception from the "cultured" Boston Bussards.



5. James Winthrop, "the most desirable catch of the Boston season," becomes "interested" in Mary. The interest deepens into love.



6. With a telegram from the widow—poor no longer—Winthrop convinces Mary that she need not stay the year out in the Bussard home.

Celluloid Celebrities

By M. L. E.



Douglas Fairbanks personally superintending the education of "Hyacinth."

SHAKESPEARE'S *Juliette* didn't seem to know the answer to the question, "What's in a name?" but Theda Bara does. Vibrations are in a name, says she. Miss Bara is a student of occult lore and claims that each letter of the alphabet has its vibration for good or evil, and that when the right ones are combined correctly, the ensuing etheric vibrations make for the success of the person adopting the name thus evolved. It has worked in Miss Bara's case, at least.

Her name used to

be Theodosia Goodman, and the etheric convolutions in "Theda Bara" certainly brought success and fortune. Her sister, who in private life is "Esther," now has a fancy set of vibrations as "Loro," and her scenario writer and designer, who was once just plain George Hopkins, now is traveling on the road to fame with "Neje" wished on him from out of the ether. This name, Miss Bara declares, is a particularly potent one, so we may expect great things from George—we mean Neje. The name, by the way, is in two syllables, with the first "e" sounded like "a," and the last one reminiscent of the "u" in "bug."

WHO would ever believe that there was a time when Charlie Chaplin was considered "punk"! Yet it is really true, for in the old Keystone days Charlie was the white elephant of the studio; no one wanted to direct him, because he had such "queér ideas" of how things should be done and of what comedy consisted. He insisted on introducing his own brand of comedy, and the directors looked askance at him and wondered why he was ever hired.

When "Tilly's Punctured Romance" was cast, Ford Sterling was to have had the lead opposite Marie Dressler and Mabel Normand; but Ford took sick, and there was no one else to take the part—no one but "that fellow, Chaplin."

"Oh, well," said the director, "he'll be rotten, but the rest of the cast will be good. Put him in and let's do the best we can."

The picture made Charlie — and Charlie made the picture. After that, the directors went around telling each other, "Didn't I say so? Isn't he a scream? Didn't I always say he'd make good?"

KIPLING might have been less positive of his statement that East and West can never meet if he had seen little Haru Onuki, the Japanese prima donna of the San Carlos Opera Company, being received by Bill Hart at his studio when the little Oriental star visited Los Angeles.

When Haru found that she was to sing "Madame Butterfly" in the premier movie city of the land, she expressed a heartfelt desire to meet her favorite star. Was it Chaplin or Mary Pickford or Douglas Fairbanks? No; it was Bill Hart, who to her is the "ideal Westerner."

The admiration was mutual, for Hart had heard the little songbird many times in her vaudeville tours and also in Puccini's famous opera. So the representatives of the East and the West spent the time paying each other compliments, and Miss Onuki carried away from the studio a dozen or more autographed photos of her favorite movie actor.

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS is personally superin-



Haru Onuki, the Japanese prima donna, thinks Bill Hart the star of stars.



Gladys Brockwell, Fox star, has become very much attached to little Nancy Caswell, the five-year-old actress.

tending the education of Hyacinth, the brown bear who is the latest acquisition to the Fairbanks menagerie, and the lady, who is called Hi for short, certainly needs her morals corrected.

Some unprincipled wretch introduced Hyacinth to the joys of the little brown jug, and the result was a little brown jag, with Hyacinth careening bibulously over the lot and sportively chasing every camera man and director to cover—and this with prohibition in the offing, too!

So Doug has put Hi on the milk diet, and she takes to it kindly, even enthusiastically. She is also becoming a fast boxer, under Doug's tutelage, and can climb a church steeple almost as fast as he can.

WANDA HAWLEY, the bewitching little Paramount star who is now making a picture of Civil War times called "Secret Service," spends every leisure moment at the piano, for she does not intend to lose the skill which her supple fingers acquired long before she ever thought of entering pictures.

Before Wanda went into the movies, her life ambition was to become a musician, and with this purpose in mind she went to New York to study music, both vocal and instrumental. She accompanied for Albert Spaulding and was preparing to appear in a concert, when her voice failed her on account of laryngitis.

She found success awaiting her in motion pictures, but she has never forgotten her first love—music—and spends from three to five hours a day, when possible, at her grand piano, with Friend Husband, Burton Hawley, as an interested audience.

ANNE LITTLE, who is noted for her characterization of Indian roles, and who recently did such a wonderful piece of work in De Mille's "Squaw Man," likes to reminisce about her early experiences in pictures, which were mostly under the direction of Thomas Ince.

Anne was the only white girl in a company of Sioux Indians, and the tribe undertook her education in the Sioux language. One of the braves would teach Anne a phrase, and when she could repeat it correctly, she would be induced to spring it on one of the other redskins, and the result was always startling and mystifying to Anne. The one addressed would lose his usual composure and burst into hilarious laughter, after which he would painstakingly instruct the puzzled girl in another sentence for her to repeat to someone else.



Wanda Hawley has never forgotten her first love—music.

WHEN William Farnum isn't doing heroics on the screen, he is out fishing, for that is his favorite recreation. Lately the company went to Florida for several locations, and Bill was in his glory.

He returns now with a tale of having caught all sorts of finny things, from man-eating sharks to tropical flying fish. Sounds like a fish story, doesn't it? But, then, Bill has the pictures to prove it, and so—

WE know a lot of stars who like birds—usually grilled and on toast; but George Larkin, the Serial King of the Astra company, playing opposite Ruth Roland, likes 'em alive and flying around.

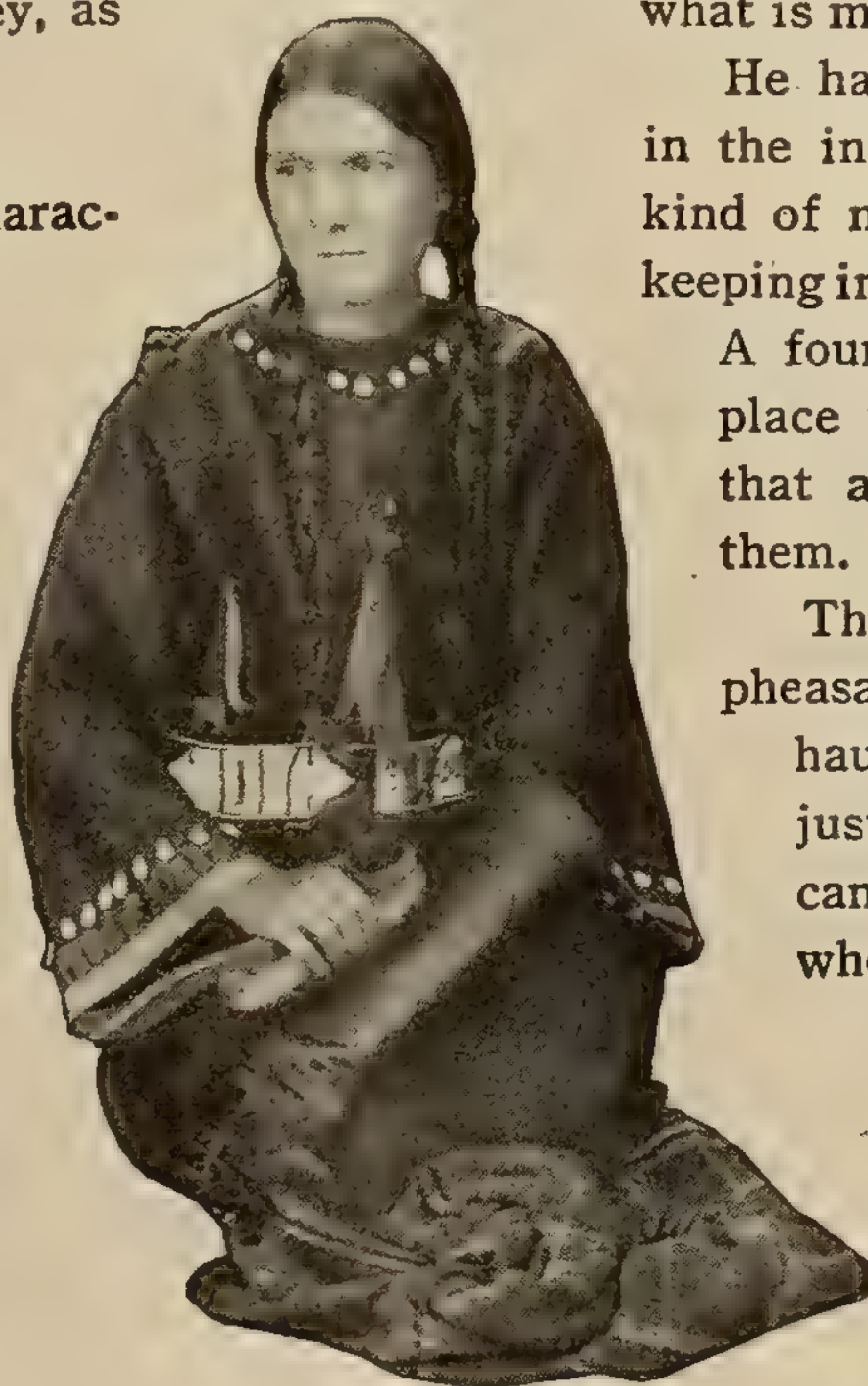
Out in Glendale, Calif., where he and Olive Kirkby, his bride of a year, have a cunning little bungalow and are as happy as the two proverbial love birds, George has built an aviary larger than his own house, and it is stocked with many rare and beautifully colored songsters, for birds are George's hobby, and he knows every one by name—and what is more, they know him.

He has planted numerous shrubs and trees in the inclosure and has seen to it that every kind of nest a bird could want to set up house-keeping in is at the disposal of his winged friends.

A fountain in the center furnishes a bathing place for the birds, and they are so tame that almost anyone can handle them and pet them.

The bully of the aviary is a large silver pheasant, whose splendor almost excuses his haughty, naughty behavior, and who has just disgraced himself by killing a baby canary and badly hurting the father canary who tried to defend his youngster. The

bold, bad pheasant is now exiled to an aviary of his own, and for all his value is thought much less of, by George and Olive, than the valiant little yellow bird, who is being nursed back to health "as if he was a child or something useful," says Olive.



Anne Little was the only white girl in a company of Sioux Indians.

"Brass Buttons," Starring William Russell



1. Hollister begs the uniform in order to woo the blonde beauty.



2. The blonde is game enough to play up to the handsome cop.



3. The bogus cop explains his plan for cleaning up the woolly town.

The Essence of It

Kingdon Hollister (William Russell) loves at sight a beautiful blonde. He follows her home, learns from the cop she's a lady's maid, and coaxes Officer Callahan to lend his uniform. She is really Bernice Cleveland—mistress, not maid—he keeps that to herself. The mayor of Sawtooth, seeking a chief of police, engages Jake, the Priest. First, however, the latter, a gunman, insists on "getting" Callahan. He attacks Hollister in the borrowed uniform and is knocked silly. The mayor transfers his appointment to Hollister, who, challenged by Bernice, agrees to clean up the town if she will marry him. He succeeds. The two unmask. The wedding is interrupted by Jake, the Priest, who chases the bridegroom with a gun—his wedding gift.



4. The bad men are treated to some of their own stunts.



5. While the bogus cop hugs the bogus maid, the really-truly cop practices tact.



6. The true maid's unprepossessing sweetheart chases the bridegroom with his astonishing wedding gift.

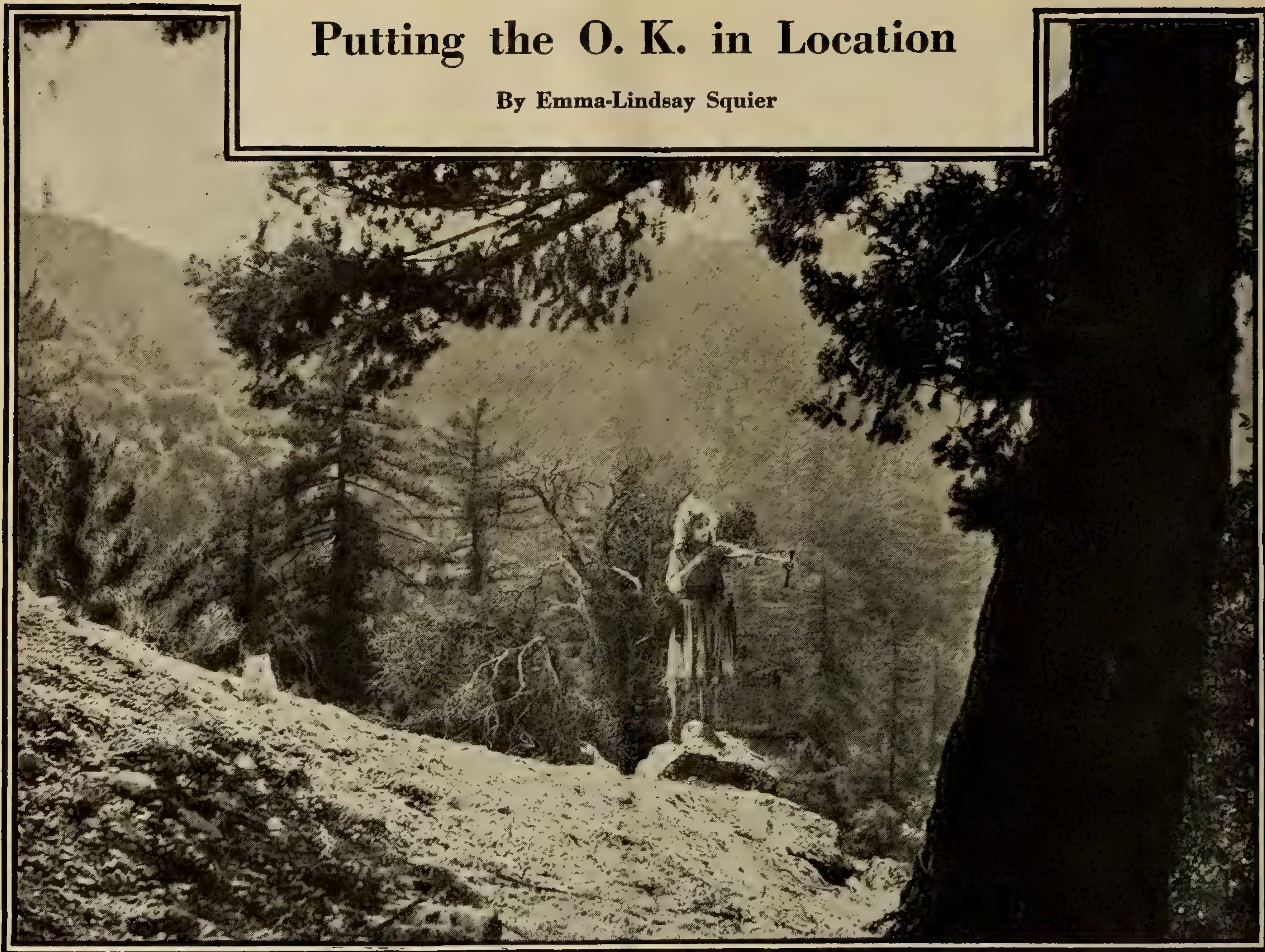


PARAMOUNT

It is a good prophecy that if this pose of Miss Shirley Mason could be circulated widely in the mysterious East, a whole lot of squatting Buddhas would be thrown in the discard and a new idol installed in hitherto Buddhist households. And why not?

Putting the O. K. in Location

By Emma-Lindsay Squier



Mary Pickford on location for "M'Liss." A spot out in the wilderness, forty miles from nowhere, that appeals as being the last word in scenery.

IT remains for some yet undiscovered Webster to compile a dictionary of cinemese definitions for a world not yet entirely composed of movie fans. There are still a few people who think that "shooting" can be done only with a gun, that a "still" is a place for the illicit manufacture of whiskey, and that "set" refers only to a hen's preliminary egg-hatching process. Yes, indeed, there are those who think that "props" are posts used to support houses and tunnels, and as for "location"—well, we'll have to forgive the uninitiated for their ignorance concerning this term, as there seems to be a difference of opinion concerning it, even in the best-informed film circles.

Now, to the Innocent Bystander, "location" means simply a place away from the studio where a moving picture scene is taken—any place; it may be in the next block, and it may be in the next county. It may be the front steps of a church, or it may be on top of the Mt. Wilson Observatory. So far, there seems to be little difficulty in getting the meaning; but if you ask the various powers-that-be in any film company, you will get a variety of versions that will put the immortal 57 to shame.

Out at the Mary Pickford studio I came across "Buck" Ewing, the head electrician who chaperons the Cooper-Hewitts and the Klieglights. Buck is an old-timer and can be depended on to give an interesting—even though

somewhat colored—version about anything in the studio, from the camera man's eccentricities to the front office gossip.

"Anyone can tell you what location is," he commenced, shifting gears on a plug of Navy Special; "but take it from one who knows, the hardest job in the world, outside of taking the germ out of Germany, is putting the O. K. in location. Everyone takes a whack at it, from the star to the property man, and no two have the same ideas about it.

"This here 'Daddy Long-Legs' picture that Miss Pickford's doing now has a lot of location work in it, and we've been on the move considerable getting the proper places to shoot. F'rinstance, Micky Neilan picks a spot out in the wilderness, forty miles from nowhere, that appeals to him as being the last word in scenery, and he says to me, 'Buck,' he says, 'we'll shoot this overhanging mountain cliff at night. It's a bear of a location; just room for two people on it—deep chasm below—thick shadows all around—great stuff—what?'

"'Sure!' I says. 'But if there's just room for two people there, how do I get the lights set up?'

"'I dunno,' says he. 'That's your business, not mine.'"

"Very interesting," I said politely. "But tell me, just how would you define 'location'?"

"A location," he started out impressively, while the Navy Special went from high into low, "is a place fifteen miles from the studio, where the company is going to work all night. All the lights in the studio and a dynamo have to be loaded into trucks and carted to this place, and when they arrive they have to be lifted out by hand. Each one weighs three hundred and fifty pounds and takes three men to move 'em, and anyone who thinks that's a *light* job has another thought a-coming, you can bet."

"And do you have anything to say about selecting the place?" I asked him next.

"Well," he cogitated, "I generally do have something to say, but I couldn't tell you what it is—you being a lady and everything."

Just then I spied Marshall Neilan, alias "Micky," who is Mary Pickford's director, and I left Buck and his plug for the more artistic company of the director, who, on having the location proposition put up to him, began polishing his shell-rimmed glasses.

"A location is best described as a place of conflict between the star and the director," he said thoughtfully. "It is refereed by a wailing scenario writer, umpired by a protesting camera man, and egged on by a horde of minor thespians. The place is bounded on the north by the ingenue's admiring relations, on the south by the extras who know they could do what the star does if they had the chance. It is entirely surrounded by curious citizens who squeeze inside the camera lines, and is watched from afar by a helpless property owner, who in a thoughtless moment allowed the company to invade his premises and despoil them for art's sake.

"In the old days," he went on, taking a final swipe at the glasses, "locations were tracked to their lair by the location man, and no one else had a say-so about it; but location men got too careless to satisfy an exacting public. They were apt to let telephone posts stray into the foreground of Colonial pictures and to pick a healthy



Mary Pickford and Douglas McLean in "Captain Kidd, Jr." This is an ideal location in more ways than one.

eucalyptus grove for a South African forest scene. So now the sole remaining function of a location man is to get permission from the owner to use the place—after it has been found."

"But surely," I protested, "it isn't hard to find places to take pictures. Why, Southern California has the most marvelous scenery"—

If looks could have killed, I would have been in condition for an epitaph.

"Scenery — humph!" grunted Micky sardonically. "Oh, sure, the State is full of scenery, and streets are full of

houses; but do you realize that it's next to impossible to get places around here that haven't been shot full of holes by a camera? The public is hypercritical about locations—they demand them fresh off the griddle; and when you realize that thousands of out-of-door scenes are being shot every day by some of the many film companies in Southern California, you can get some slight idea of what it means to pick out a place that has never faced the camera.

"It means that the camera man and I take in hand a large red automobile and go forth together in pursuit of the elusive location. We follow some dirt road that leads off the main highway for many bumpy miles. Maybe we're hunting a locale for a backwoods picture. Well, then, no telephone posts, transformers or advertising signboards must intrude. We spend a day searching for a place to take one scene, and when we've found it and are ready to put our brand on it, up chugs another machine with a load of made-up stars, perspiring directors and worried-looking camera men—and they ask us will we please leave, as they found that location last week.

"Then, if we want a particular house in the city, we scout around for a day, and finally pick out one away out in the suburbs, where we're sure no camera and tripod have ever trodden before. We ask the lady of the house can we borrow her porch for a scene or two, and she says yes, certainly—BUT—it has been taken three times that week already—so, on we go!"



"A location is best described as a place of conflict between the star and the director."

Most stars wouldn't have anything to say about the location chosen for their pictures, but Mary has, by right of being a corporation of one, bossing her own company and its production. So I surmised that she might have a few ideas of her own about what is a location, nor was I mistaken.

She was at luncheon—a typical Mary Pickford luncheon, in which she was gormandizing on a lettuce leaf and a piece of cheese the size of a dime. She was in her *Judy* make-up for "Daddy Long-Legs" and was wearing a checked gingham frock that came to her knees. Her lustrous curls were confined for the moment into flaxen braids that came down over her shoulders and almost to her waist.

She echoed my question with a little quirky smile.

"What is location? Listen: You start at six o'clock in the morning; you ride miles, *miles*, MILES! The wind blows, your make-up is spoiled, your hair disarranged, your temper uncertain. The road is rough; you have a puncture. It is either February or July. If it's February, you are working on a summer story and are dressed in organdie or thin silk; and if it's July, you're working on a winter story and bundled up in furs to slowly broil in the sun. When you get there, the branches catch in your hair, and you nearly fall off a cliff; you think you see a rattlesnake, and a tree has fallen just where the camera man wanted to shoot. You work all day and ride back after dark, glad it's over. The next day you are told you have to go back,

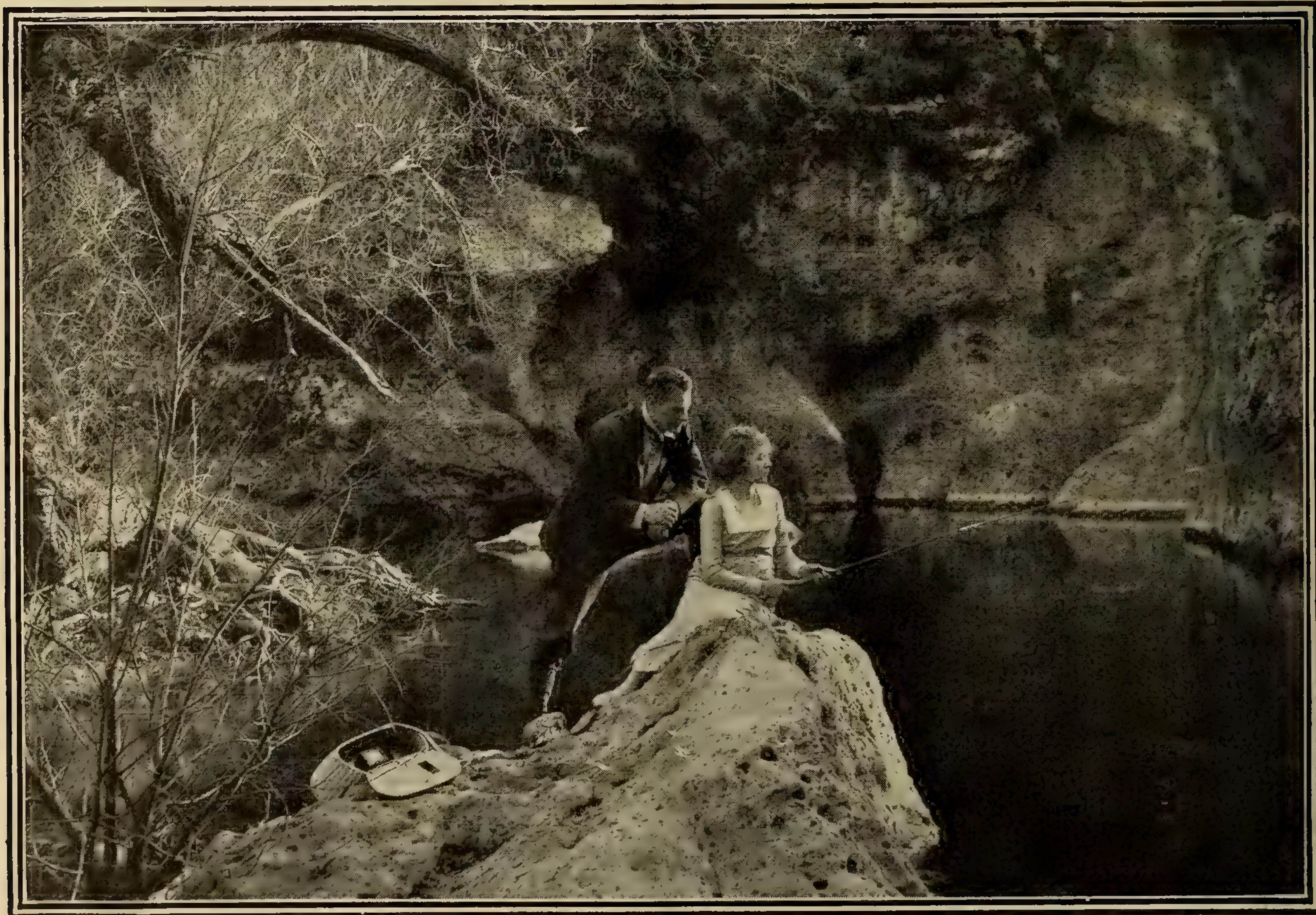
because the scenes were unsatisfactory and have to be shot over. That is location!

"Now, in this picture, 'Daddy Long-Legs,'" she pursued, "we wanted a typical New England farm, and the director and camera man looked for a week before they found one they told me was ideal. Of course we were all delighted and hurried out with cameras, costumes and props, and Micky Neilan was proudly showing me his 'find,' when he stopped and gave a cry of horror! Right there in the front yard, where the camera couldn't possibly shoot from any angle without including it, was a clump of banana trees! Poor Micky! He had overlooked it the day before in his exuberance about the rest of the place; but there it was, and we simply couldn't make the scenes there, for who ever heard of a banana tree growing in the doorway of a down-East farmhouse?"

Just then I saw Charlie Rosher, the camera man, streaking it across the set, attired in the conventional woollen shirt, khaki trousers and puttees without which no self-respecting camera can be operated. I made my excuses to Mary and hailed Charlie with the same question I had inflicted on the others, and he twisted his cap around with the vizor to the back, as is the custom of camera men, and turned his mind to the subject in hand.

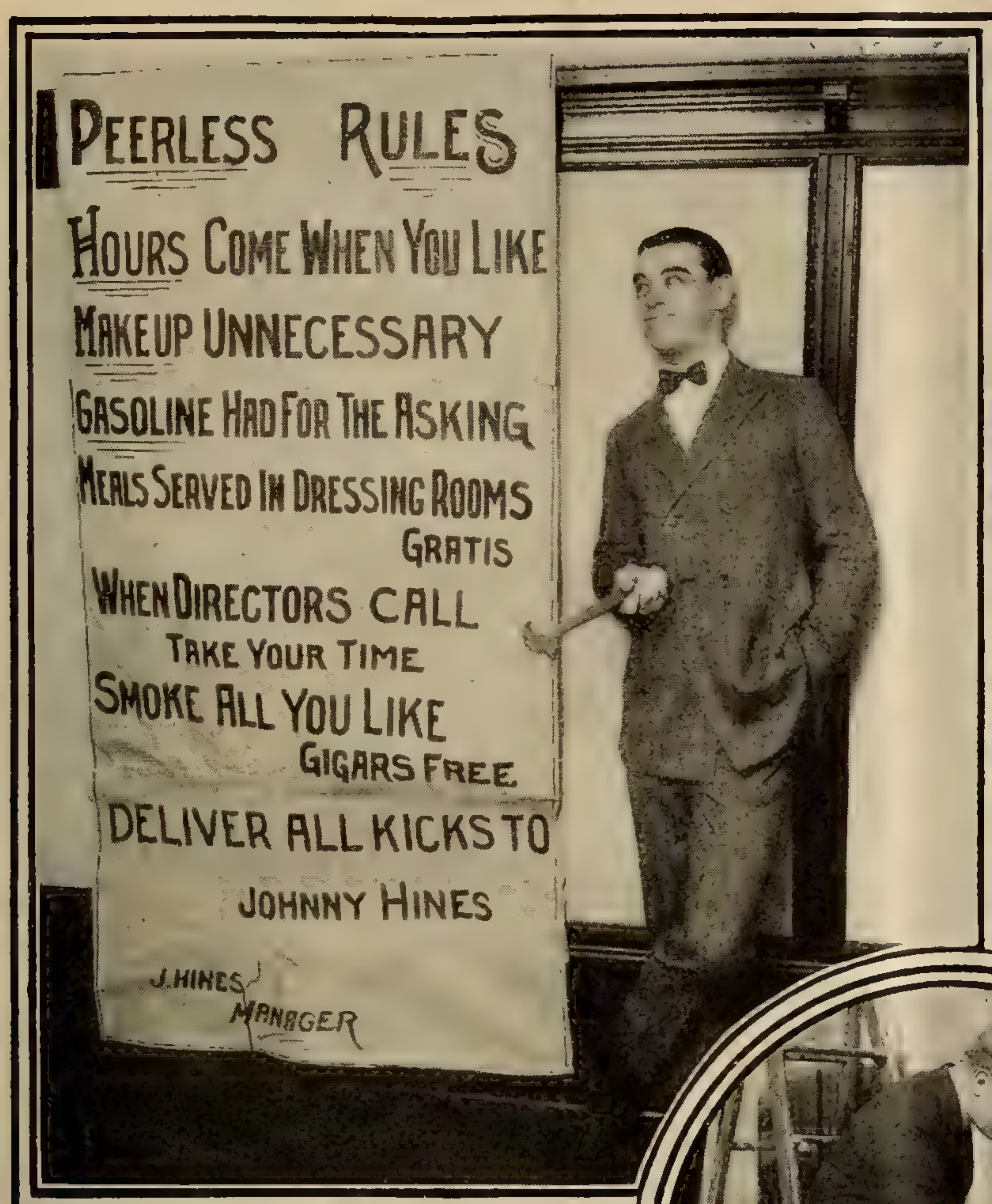
"Oh, yes, a location," he ruminated. "Well, it's generally something you're looking for and can't find. When

(Continued on page 40)



A location from "Daddy Long Legs," Mary Pickford's first picture for the First National. Miss Pickford as Judy; Mahlon Hamilton as Daddy Long Legs.

If the Stars Ran the Movie Studios



Anyone doubting Johnny Hines' ability to run a studio has only to read Johnny's idea of studio rules. He'd have his pick of all the best people in the business, but—it's a question if many pictures would be filmed.

As for big Monte Love, he'd pass up acting any day for a scene-painter's job, asking only that it pay as well.



Carlisle Blackwell, were he his own boss, would potter around as a stage carpenter, making sets. But an unfeeling director says, No.



WORLD
Little Madge Evans is to be pitied? Not at all. She'd do this from choice, just because she is a natural-born housekeeper, and likes to see a studio kept neat.



Evelyn Greeley's idea of a soft snap is perhaps the most surprising. To wish to "work the spot" upon other people is, for an actress, a sensationally unusual desire.



Whim-Whams and Wheezes

By Harry J. Smalley



AS soon as the Government removed its restrictions on the over-use of timber, Chaplin contracted for a wagon-load of wood to cut up in his studio.

Thomas A. Wood is the name of the actor chosen to fill Eric Campbell's shoes. Mr. Wood weighs 500 pounds and is built like a tree—limbs and trunk and everything—AND is fond of peace and quiet.

Oh, the poor fellow!

WOULD never do for us to play opposite Katherine McDonald. When it came to the clinch-and-kiss thing, we just KNOW we'd over-act!

PRISCILLA DEAN

*Pep! Dynamite! Tabasco! Bim-bam!
Ice cream! Tamales and ginger and jam!
Cyclones and strawberries!
Paprika and cherries!
Electricity! Cayenne and zam!*

OF TENTIMES we have been nearly overcome with sympathy and sorrow for Job. But if he was anything like this here *Job* in Nazimova's "Out of the Fog"—by gollies, he got all that was coming to him! Of all the ornery, measly, low-down, cantankerous—

Well, you saw him, didn't you? You finish it!

AN ad says this of Marie Walcamp in "The Red Glove": "The dare-devil girl of the screen—no one has been able to take her measure!"

Poor Marie! Forever doomed to wear ready-mades!

MODERN VERSION OF AN ANCIENT COUPLET

*Five hours to work; to soothing slumber, seven;
Twelve to the films allot—ah, that is heaven!*

GOODNESS! AREN'T WE BECOMING PRIM?

"Virtuous Wives" (First National).

"Virtuous Men" (Ralph Ince).

"The Unkissed Bride" (Excel).

FOX advertises "The Man Hunter" as "a story of hypocrisy and the sea." Gosh! and we thought the sea was always on the level!

AND the publicity writer for "The Indestructible Wife," starring Alice Brady, asks: "What would you do if your wife kept three cities ahead of you on your honeymoon?"

Why, we'd keep on our lonely lope until we reached Reno!

AGENT who selects plays for a Certain Co. says he had to quit his favorite barber because the lad o' lather insisted on selling him scenarios he had written between "Nexts!"

Reviewing some of the Certain Co.'s recent perpetrations, we cannot stifle the wish that the gent had listened to the barber.

The barber's could have been no worse!

LEARNED economist, Teodore Rodriguez, remarks: "Like everything that is inexhaustible, it is wanting in value, as it is not desired by anybody, since no one desires what he has at his disposal in a superabundant quantity to such an extent that he can never be in want of it."

The Prof. was referring to air.

But while reading those words of wisdom above, didn't you feel that Roddy was commenting on those two-reel comedies of the brand you do not care for?



This is not a spider or a monkey: it's merely Doug Fairbanks doing a hand-spring on the beach.

You Meet All Sorts of Pets in the Movies



Norma Talmadge's pet quadruped is "Dinky," the latter being both noun and adjective. Dinky has won four blue ribbons, and looks as if he knew it.

Water Colors

Flora—Why did they have to have a retake on that "dissolve"?

Fauna—Just when the director was ready, it began to rain, and the star's complexion dissolved before the scene did!

Tamed

"You're lucky. You have a very obedient and gentle wife. How do you do it?"

"Oh, she went through the mill in the movies as an 'extra.'"

We're Not Bragging, But—

Flora—The directors think they could act better than the actors, and the actors are sure they could direct better than the directors.

Fauna—Yes, and the film fans just know they could do better than either!



As for Tom Mix, he couldn't think of chumming with anything gentler than a (trained and chained) bear.

It may be the influence of sombrero, chaps and ranch-rig generally that leads Bessie Barriscale to "go in" for pork instead of pedigree.

Standards

First Censor—Why did you reject that picture?

Second Censor—It's based on the same story as that naughty play which is packing the Orpheum Theater. I've seen it twice.

Right?

Judging from recent ones we've seen, many motion picture scenarios

are born in this manner:

Director—I want a new script to start work on at once.

Scenario Writer—Wait a minute and I'll write one for you.

Its Good Point

"Don't you hate to go into a movie theater during the middle of the feature?"

"No; if the ending isn't good, I don't have to stay to see the whole picture."

'Tis "Love" That Makes the World Go Round



By way of introduction, Fatty rescues his love's father from the well.

Father dismisses Fatty in favor of the lover on the extreme right.



3. Fatty returns in the make-up of a hired girl. Father proves flirtatious.

Telling It in Few Words

When the course of true "Love" fails to run smooth, *Fatty Arbuckle* brings strategy and brains to bear, and the result is a happy ending. The beginning is on a farm. *Fatty* is smitten with the girl of the place, but is given the frigid shoulder by her father, who is determined she shall marry another. *Fatty* departs, but returns in the character of a hired girl, so as to be near his beloved. The latter's marriage with hated rival is all arranged, but a rehearsal is necessary, and in the absence of the groom-to-be, "the hired girl" takes his place and goes through the ceremony, word for word, with the bride. When the day set for the wedding arrives, *Fatty* and the girl break up the proceedings by announcing that they are already married.



4. Fatty and his sweetheart discuss the plot which is to make them one.



5. The wedding day: "the bride enters on the arm of her father." Groom in the pepper-and-salt pants.



6. Two minutes later: Fatty announces his marriage the day before; the rehearsal was the real thing.

Madge Kennedy Pleases in "Daughter of Mine"



1. Papa Mendelsohn does not take kindly to poet George as a son-in-law.



2. Rayberg offers Rosie, restaurant cashier, a place in his publishing house.



3. Rosie as "Lady Diantha," the heroine of her own story of thwarted love.

Two Plays in One

Rosie Mendelsohn (Madge Kennedy), a girl of the East Side, loves George Howard, a poor young poet, but as her father approves not, she gives George up. George disappears, and Rosie, who has become secretary to Joseph Rayberg, a publisher, plans to bring him back to her. She pretends to have found a manuscript of a story and reads it to Rayberg. The story is her own story, in another age and setting. She coaxes Rayberg into printing it and offering a prize for the right ending. George sees the story in print, and reading between the lines, submits the remainder. He brings it to the office, when Rosie, letting Rayberg into the secret, rushes into George's arms. Rosie's father relents and—you may guess the right ending yourselves.



4. Rosie (as herself) realizes that the longed-for has come; a manuscript from George.



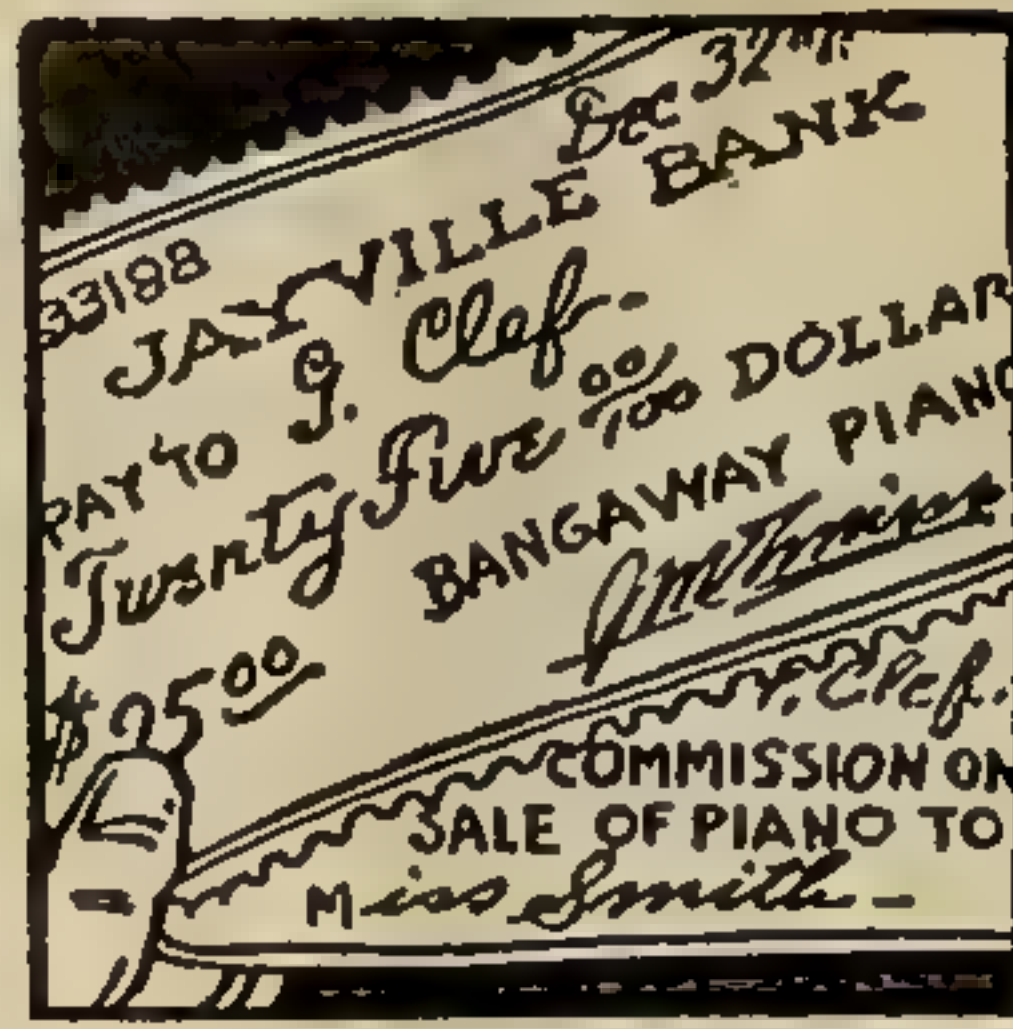
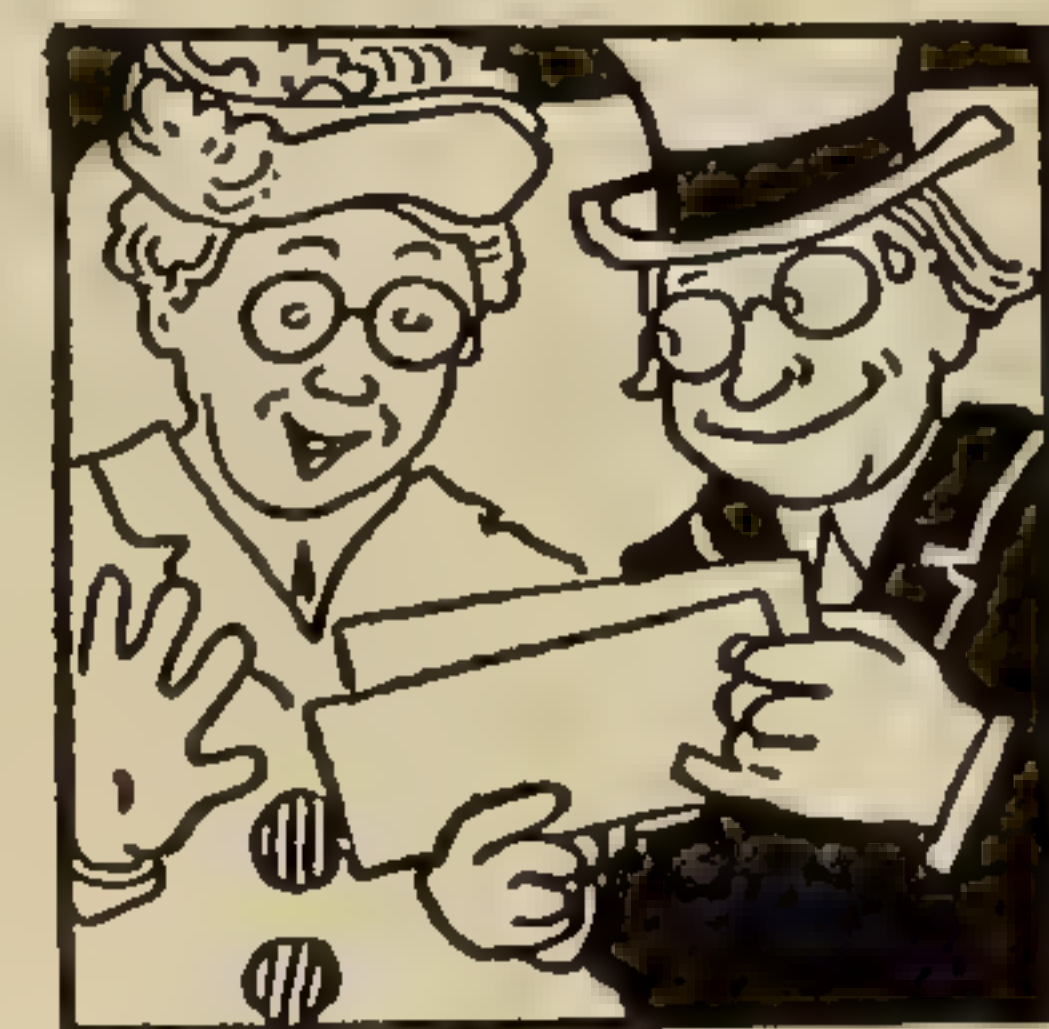
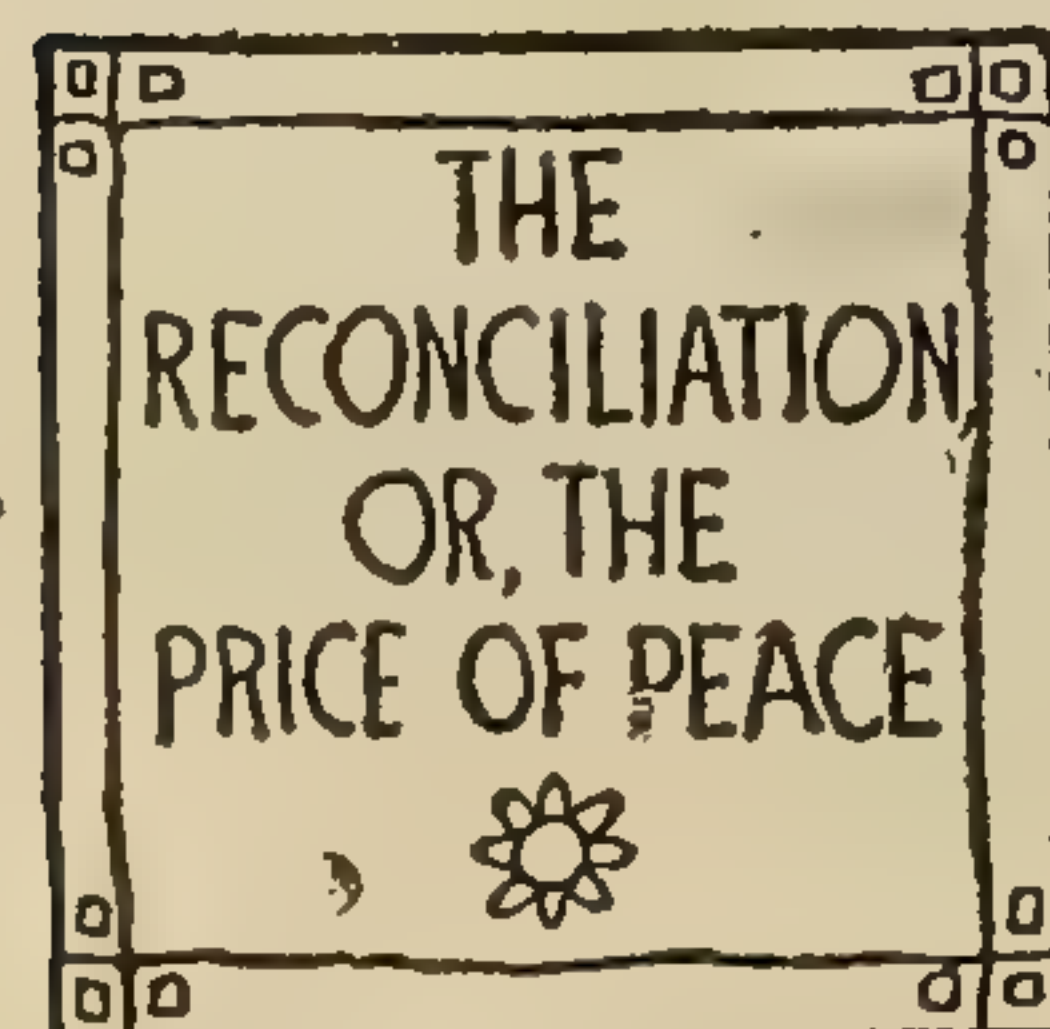
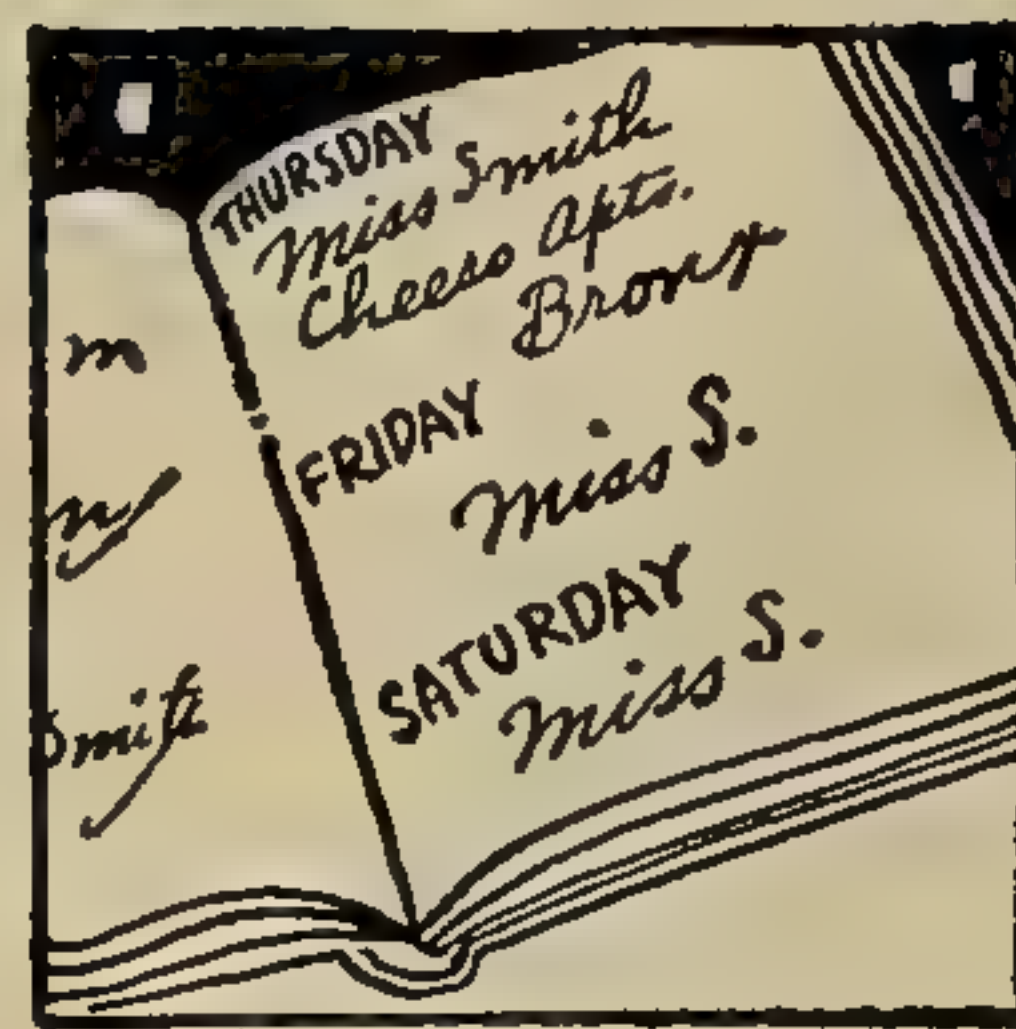
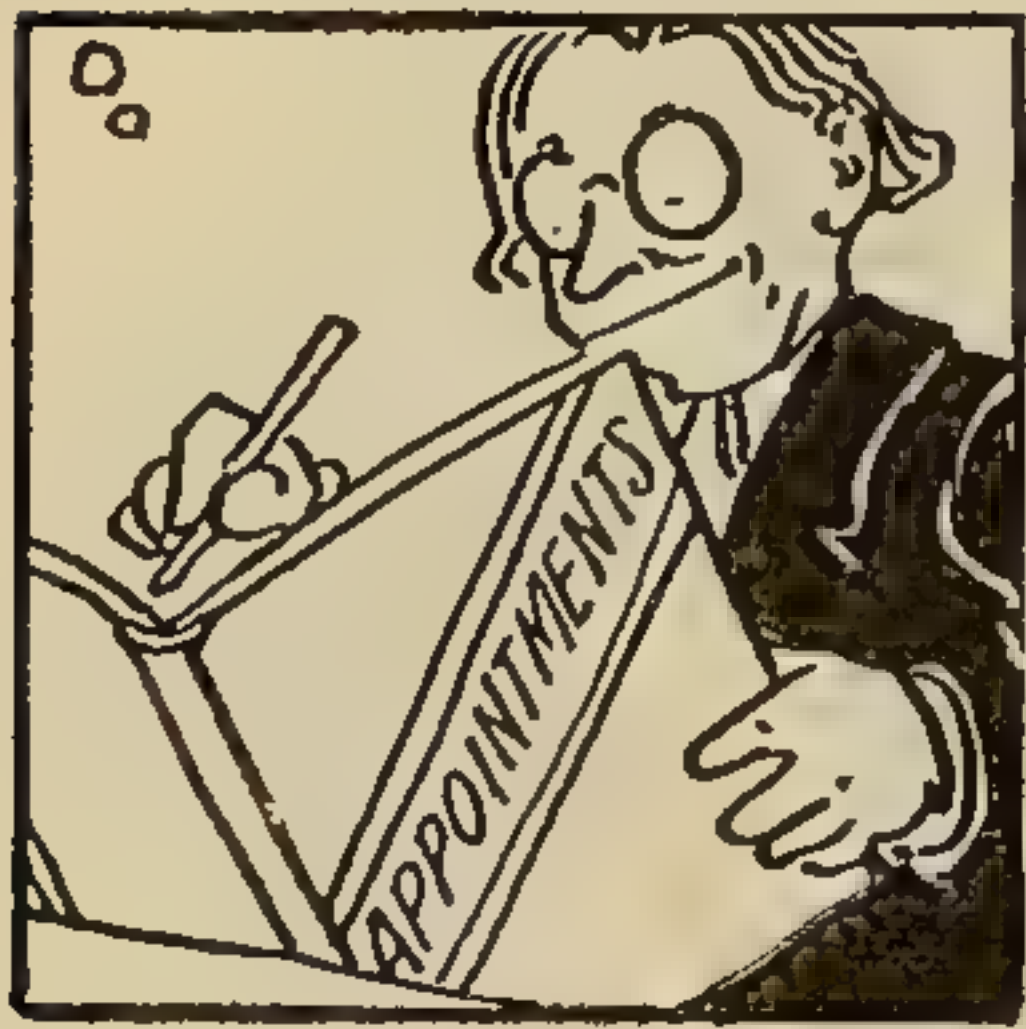
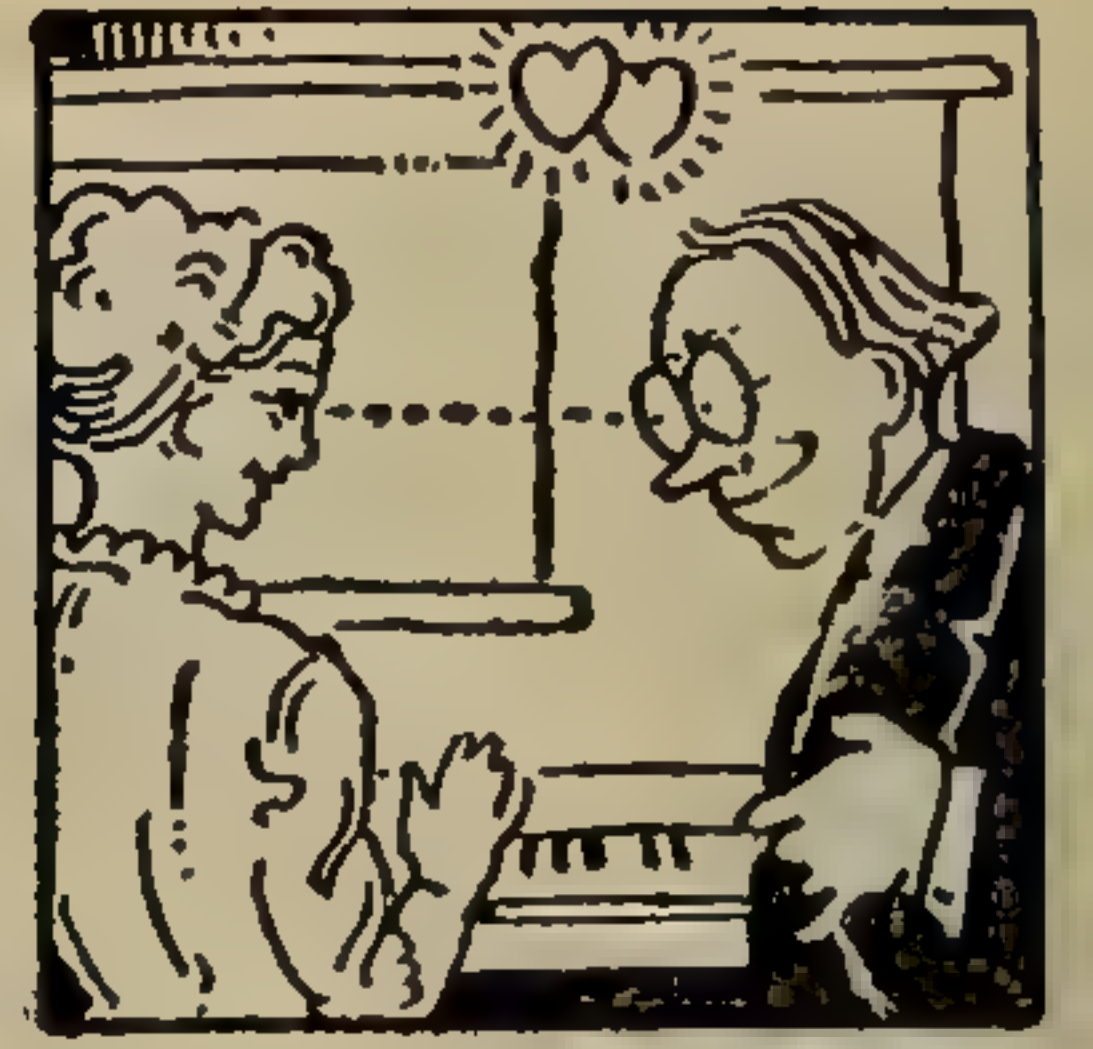
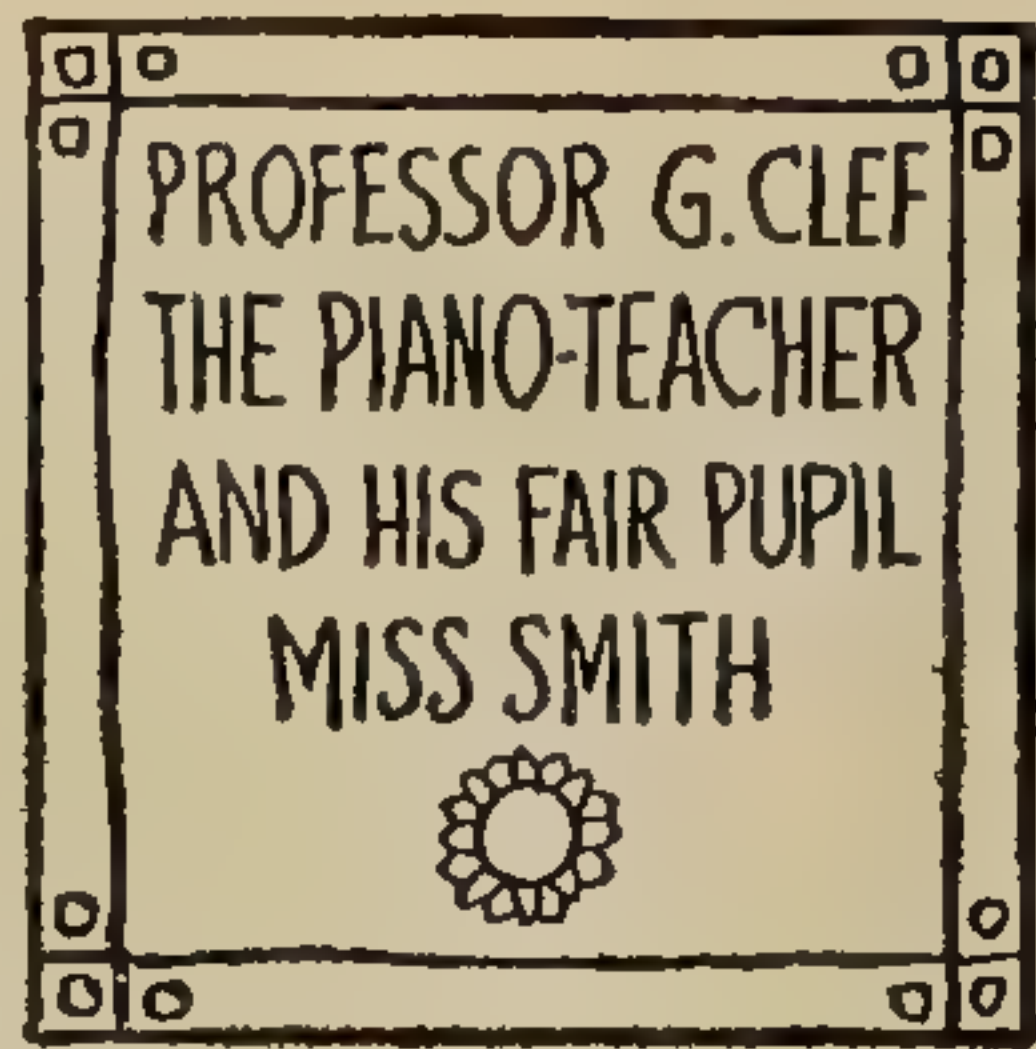
5. In Rosie's story, "Lady Diantha" would willingly have gone to prison rather than give her hand to one whom she did not love.



6. But, fortunately, in Rosie's own case, this was not necessary. Here are George and she, united in Rayberg's own office.

GOLDWYN

Movies From Film Fun's Screen



Balm for a Wounded Heart ; or, There is Something Besides Music which has a Soothing Effect.

Seasonable Suggestions by Screen Stars

Lowell Never Would Have Wondered "What is so Rare as a Day in June" if He Had Seen the Marvels Wrought by Studio Lights on Frocks Such as These



One of Marguerite Clark's costumes in "Come Out of the Kitchen."



Dorothy Dalton's working clothes for the summer include this creation.



This picture of May Allison explains why the play is called "Peggy Does Her Darndest."



Madlaine Traverse wears this gown and wrap created by Paquin in "The Love That Dares."



PARAMOUNT-FOX-METRO-SELECT

Dorothy Gish posed this exclusively for Film Fun.



Constance Talmadge wears this wrap in "The Veiled Adventure."



Gloria Swanson in evening gown of blue and silver net.



May Allison, whose picture this is, has nothing to fear from a camera. Were we her press agent, we should have something to say about her eyes and hands, but not being such, we print simply that she is to star in "Orchestra D 2" for Metro.

Over the Top With Griffith

By W. G. Macdonald



D. W. Griffith (on extreme right) conferring with his "staff."



"Batteries of 50-50s." Two of these pieces of ordnance in the foreground.

SHORTLY before the signing of the armistice, David Wark Griffith motored down from Filmtown to Camp Kearney, California, with a tonneau full of low explosives, tin hats and 50-50 guns. He came seeking more "Hearts of the World" to conquer, and having borrowed the Twenty-first Regiment from Colonel Uhline, advanced upon what came near being his Waterloo.

Having peppered the "middle distance" with fifty-seven varieties of smoke-producing fireworks, he personally supervised the emplacement of the 50-50s. These camouflaged propellers of camouflage were dubbed 50-50s because it was 50 they would and 50 they wouldn't. While they were being "hailed" into position, one of the doughboys called to a pal, "What are those sections of six-inch pipe for?" "Don't spoil the picture, Brick," replied his companion. "Them's cannon."

When the "battery" was finally in position, several

salvos of "shrapnel" were let go by way of experiment. Griffith then wished to undergo his baptism of fire, so he instructed the "gunners" to put a "barrage" over his head when he signaled to them from the middle of "No Man's Land." Griffith loped over the terrain unescorted and

alone, while the Twenty-first gave him their moral support from a safe distance behind the 50-50s. Seventy-five yards out he stopped and signaled for the "barrage." The gunners gunned, the 50-50s barked, but the barrage didn't barrage, each cardboard shell making a beeline for the person of D. W. G., who disappeared in their dense black smoke!



Over the top on the very extreme western front (California). Might pass as real war stuff if someone's technique hadn't slipped and permitted campaign hats to litter "No Man's Land."

He emerged, evidently none the worse for his experience; but there are those who claim that he was severely wounded in his technique, for shortly after he permitted the Twenty-first to go over the top and across a No Man's Land strewn with campaign hats!

Fear

Caller—What's the matter? You look nervous.

Cafe Owner—I am. That's a movie comedian at the table near the window. I'm always afraid he'll forget where he is and break the dishes.

Possible

"He stutters, but he is a great actor."

"Quit your kidding!"

"I'm not kidding; he's in the movies."

You Know the Kind

"Did the picture you saw last night have a happy ending?"

"Decidedly. Everybody in the theater was happy when it ended."

In the Blood

Friend—Where did you spend your vacation?

Movie Actor—To tell the truth, most of the time in motion picture theaters.

What It Means To Be "Movie-Struck"

By Harold Seton

Illustrations by W. E. Hill



The maid was called aside by the studio manager.

IF "stage-struck," why not "movie-struck"? There are quite as many men and women with longings to act in a studio as those with longings to act in a theater. Personally I have encountered scores of them—people who are in the pictures from choice, and not from necessity.

Quite apart from the actors and actresses recruited from the stage, artists of more or less experience and ability, are those individuals who sally forth from comfortable homes, cozy flats or handsome residences, and hop into a taxicab or private motor, speeding off to this or that film corporation, there to interview a casting director, with a view to obtaining a job, generally mere "extra" work, at five dollars a day.

There is a woman whom I have encountered on various occasions who might be considered typical of this species. She told me her story, and seemed glad to do so, as she declared the other "extra" people, the men as well as the women, were jealous of her and resentful of her presence. In fact, many of them would not even speak to her. As a matter of fact, it certainly was rather provoking, after the rest of us had climbed on and off a trolley car, on and off a ferryboat, and on and off another trolley car, lugging along a suitcase and a hatbox, to see this aristocrat alight from her limousine, her chauffeur carrying her bags into the studio, and later carrying them out again!

She told me that she was a widow and independently wealthy. While still in mourning for her departed hus-

band, living in conventional retirement, she had become restless and nervous. So one day, yielding to an impulse, she had "gone on" as an "extra," in order to have something to do—something to think of. Finding the adventure amusing, she had kept it up ever since. As she insisted: "It is more fun than shopping or playing cards or idly gossiping, as so many women do."

I have met another woman who not only arrives in her own car, with a chauffeur in livery, but who is also accompanied by a maid. It seems paradoxical to find her ladyship standing in line, at the end of the day, waiting for the cashier to hand her a five-dollar bill! I have not heard this woman's story. She confides in no one. But that she is "movie-struck" is self-evident. She wears jewelry worth thousands. The "extra" people refer to her sarcastically as "Mrs. Tiffany."

A curious case of which I have been told on good authority is that of a wealthy woman who appeared at a studio accompanied by a pretty maid. The heiress was permitted to "go on" because of her handsome clothes, but the maid was also engaged because of her pleasing features. Madame protested, but was overruled. The maid was called aside by the studio manager. Shortly afterward she gave up her job in domestic service and is now playing prominent parts in photoplays.

A society girl who accepted a few engagements as an "extra" became friendly with a girl who depended upon the two or three days a week she was able to secure by

calling at the offices or visiting an agent. The society girl was shown how to make up her face, how to express various emotions—in fact, was initiated into the various tricks of the trade. In return for these valued hints from the humble “extra,” she gave the girl two gowns and a cloak of the finest material and only slightly worn. Later, when the professional “extra” girl appeared in this new finery, she created such a favorable impression, her natural charms being set off to additional advantage, that she was straightway lifted out of the background and landed in the foreground, her salary jumping from five a day to ten! The society girl was not able to rise above five, so finally gave up in despair. The girl she befriended is still doing very nicely. All she needed was a chance.

As for the men, they are quite as likely to be “movie-struck” as the women. I know a young chap who is a college graduate and has always been interested in acting. While still a student he took part in the varsity show, and later appeared as a “supe” in a Broadway production. Then he drifted into the movies, and although he has been at it for almost a year, he has not yet advanced from “extra” work. He has refused offers to enter his father’s offices, where excellent opportunities would be afforded him. He says “business” does not appeal to him.

Another man has accepted small “bits” in various pictures because he, too, is “movie-struck,” although he is

well known in society in New York and London, as well as in Baltimore, where he was born, and in Washington, where his sister married a millionaire philanthropist. This man is very artistic, having exhibited miniatures he has painted of celebrities here and abroad. He “screens” well and ought to make good in the films, if he sticks to it.

Rather more unusual than either of these instances of “movie-struck” men is that of a man somewhat past middle age, of distinguished appearance and manner,

who enjoys “extra” work for its own sake, and not because of the five dollars. He is a member of a fashionable club, but mixes freely with studio associates. I have seen him in the room marked “Extra Gents,” making up with a crowd of non-descripts, and have also seen him dining at a smart hotel accompanied by ladies and gentlemen of refinement.

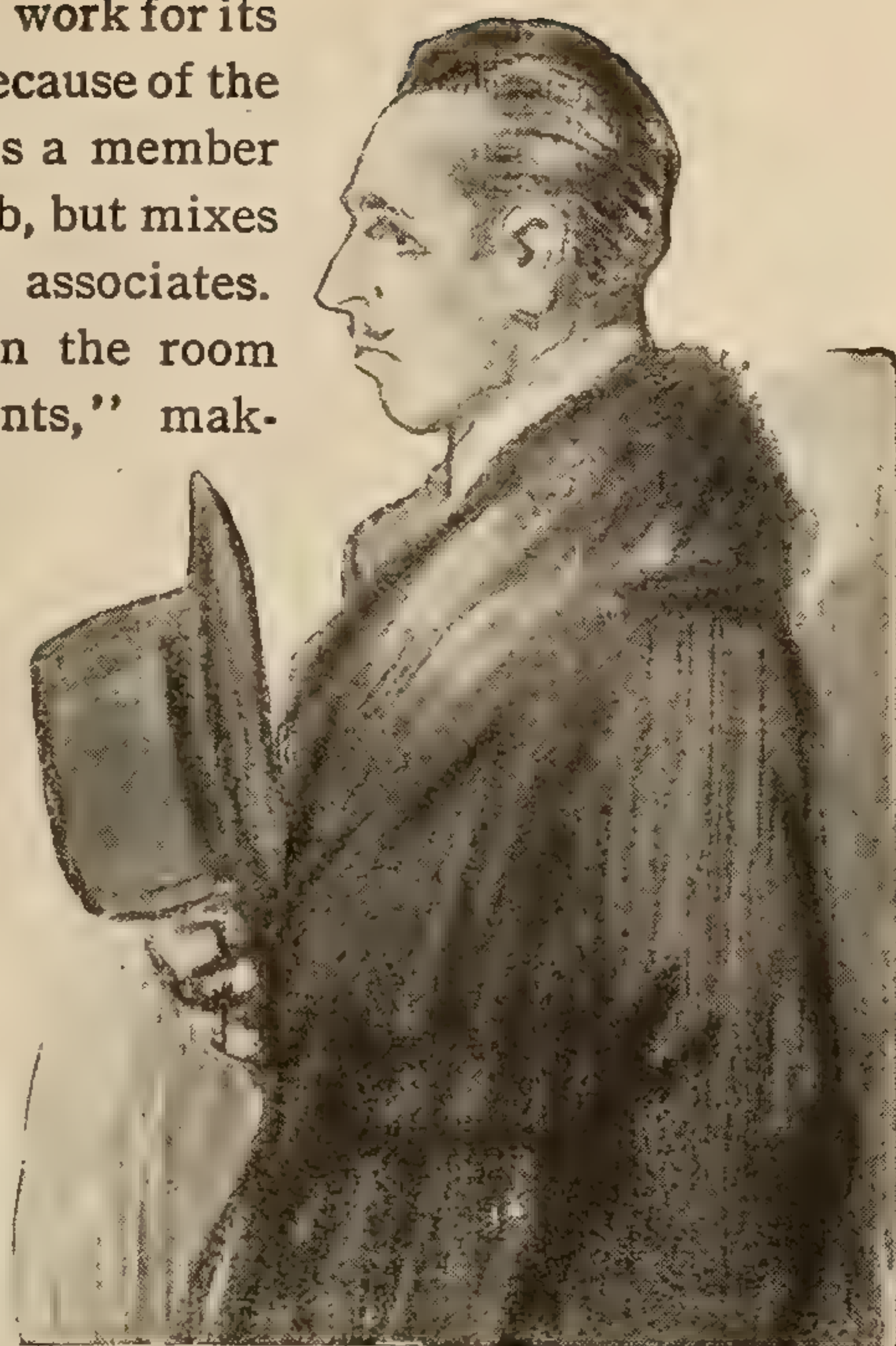
In another class are those individuals who really need the five a day, but who would rather earn it at a studio

than in an office or a factory. I know a girl who never growls or grumbles, no matter how long the hours or how hard the work. The rest of us mumble and mutter, but this girl declares, with obvious sincerity, that she “simply loves it!” She was formerly at a telephone switchboard in a big hotel, but always yearned for the movies.

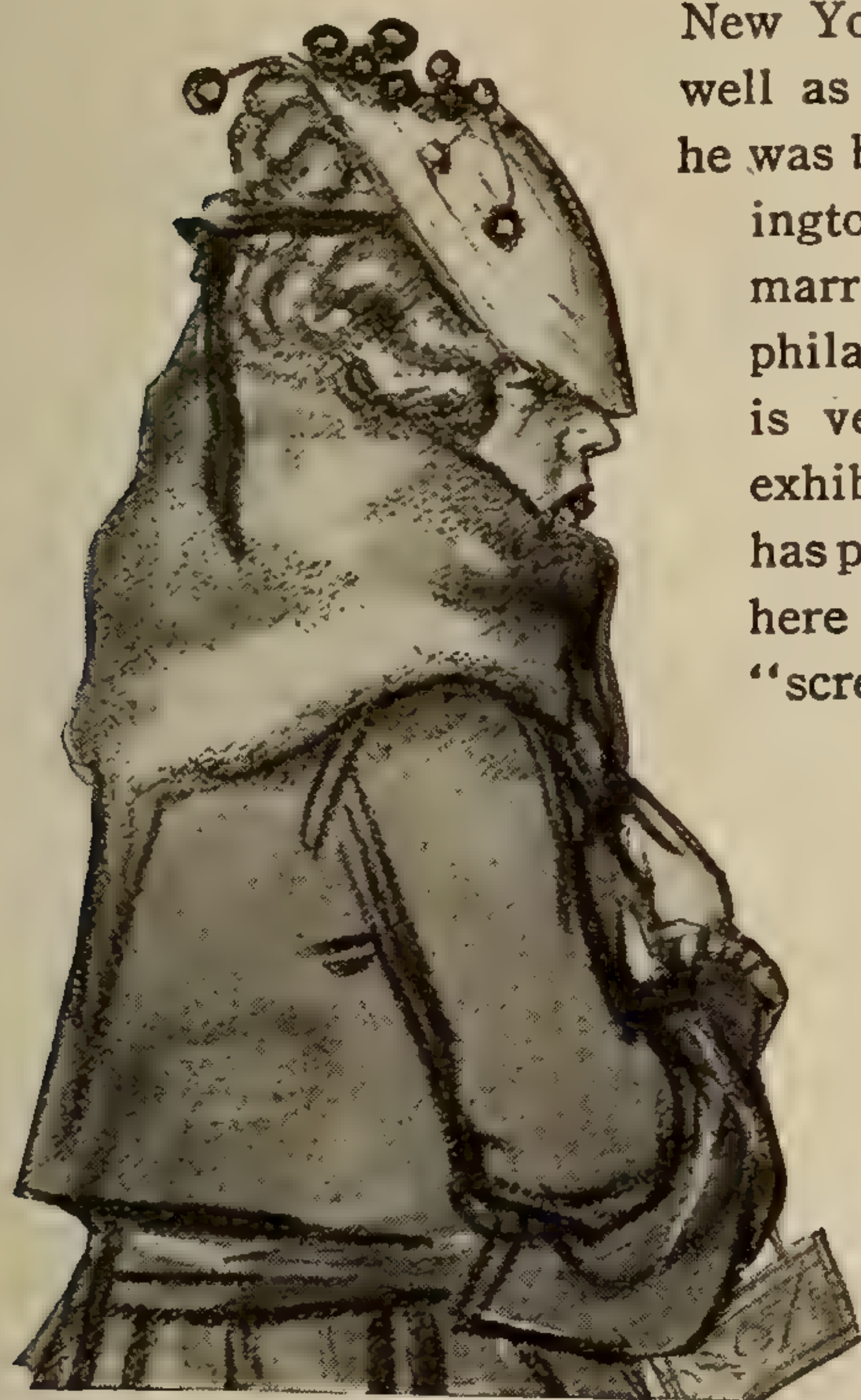
Another girl told me that she was born and bred on a farm up New York State, but ran away and came to the big town for the express purpose of becoming a movie star. She has not yet attained anything like stardom, but she gets small “bits” to do, quite on her own merits, and is keenly enthusiastic. I have met her in ballroom and cabaret scenes, and have marveled at her adaptability. All traces of “the farm” have been eliminated from her personality.

A young man at one of the studios has never worked at any job but the movies. He was attracted to the pictures from the first. He played hooky from school and “went on” in scenes where youngsters were required. At first his parents objected, but when he brought home one five-dollar bill after another, they reluctantly relented. Later on he got a chance in a college picture, and now plays juvenile leads.

There is assuredly a fascination about the studios, an air of romance, and there are also possibilities for big money and much fame—for those who make good. On the other hand, the greatest pessimists in the whole world are the studio hangers-on, the agency down-and-outs, who have been disappointed and disheartened. Perhaps they, too, were “movie-struck”—once upon a time!



“Business” does not appeal to him.



The extra people refer to her as “Mrs. Tiffany.”

Qualified

He was applying for a position as attendant in an insane asylum.

“Have you had any experience handling irrational persons?” he was asked.

“Some,” was his response. “I was a motion picture director for several years.”

And he was hired forthwith.

Social Scale

“Why are motion picture directors generally so humble in the presence of their stars?”

“The old story of capital and labor, old chap.”

Judging from the Way They Do It

The pay-roll is the only role some actors really enjoy playing.

Charlie Chaplin, as Sweden Sees Him



How, with shaving soap, lather and a razor, he transforms a fur ulster into a natty spring-coat.
 Painted from Sandags Nisse, Stockholm.



INCIDENTAL MUSIC AT THE HICKTOWN MOVIES

Trombone—*What do we play during the chase after the highwaymen, Si?* Tuba—*Grand Gallop.*
 Trombone—*Gosh, I just played that.*

Gangway for the Movies!

By E. L. S.



This scene with Fay Tincher and Harry Depp blocked Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles, for twenty minutes—and nobody cared.

A SUNLIT road in California, a humming engine in a Studebaker Five, an important engagement ahead, and a speed of forty-five miles an hour without a cop in sight. Suddenly a man steps forth into the road. He waves his arms and gesticulates wildly for you to stop. You gather from his actions, as you jam on the brakes and strip your gears, that something between a murder and an auto wreck is taking place farther up the road where you see a crowd of people—or maybe it's a hold-up, you think to yourself, and this man is a dangerous criminal escaping——

"It's a MOVIE!" he tells you solemnly. "You can't go by here now, because they're making a scene"——

If you happen to come from any place besides Los Angeles, *you* make a scene forthwith, and ask what the blankety-blank he means by stopping you, and why the fire-and-brimstone should a movie scene interfere with your important engagement, and who the place-where-the-Kaiser-is-going is he, anyhow, to stop you, and so forth, ad finitum. But if you are a seasoned Angeleno, and the man says that you will have to pause for half an hour or so on account of a MOVIE, you say, "OH!" comprehendingly and shut off your motor. The engagement may be important, but a movie—well, you would as soon think of speeding by that distant camera in defiance of the gentleman's

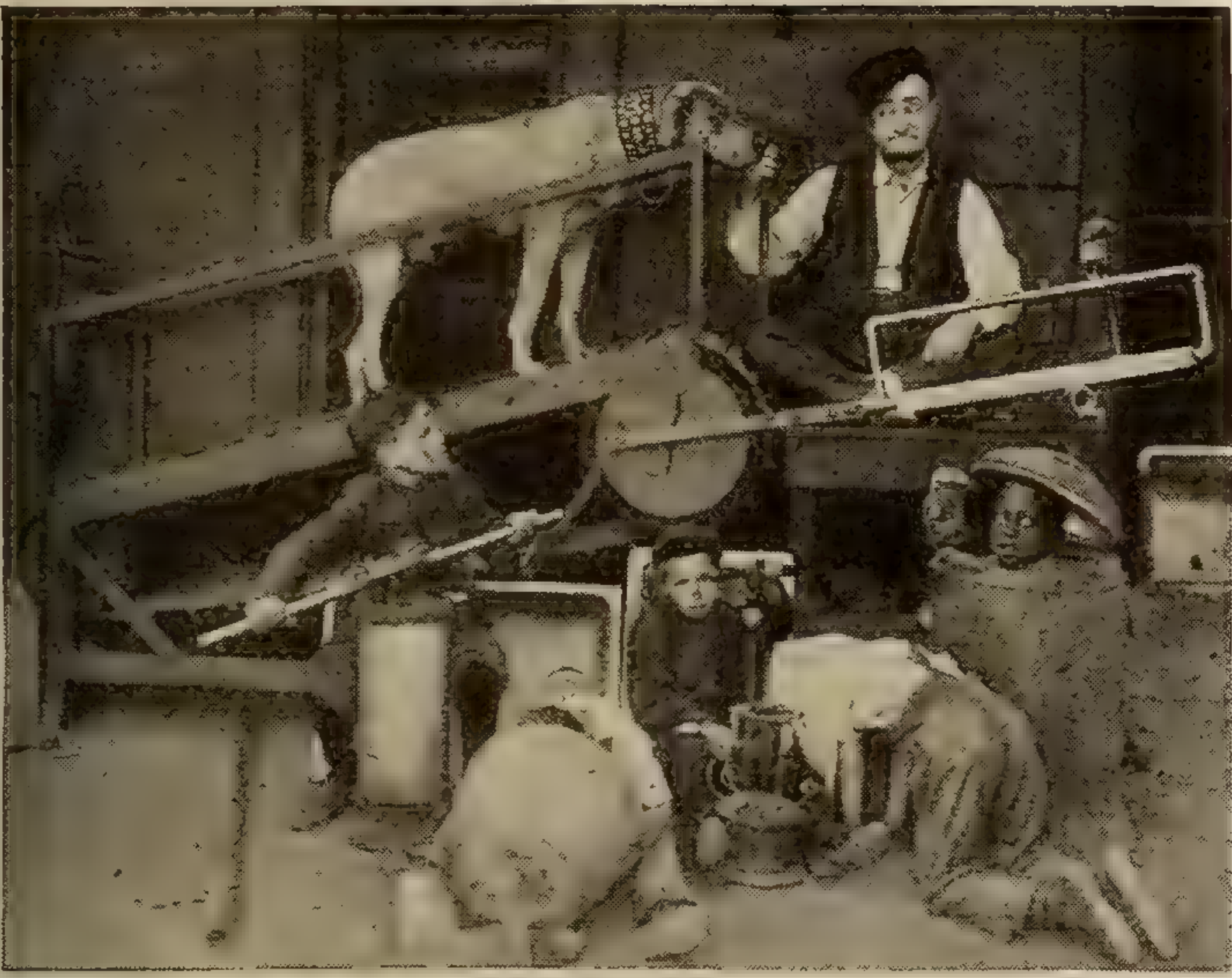
request as you would of careening into a church with your machine and going down the aisle in high.

For the movies, in Los Angeles, the premier cinema city of the land, have the right of way, and they take precedence over sick calls, police calls and social calls. You will find them in the heart of the city, in the busiest "marts of trade," the studio men calmly setting up cameras and reflectors in the middle of Broadway, while specially detailed traffic cops keep the crowds back from the camera lines, and street cars, automobiles and pedestrians stop respectfully while the director calls out megaphoned orders for an actor to come out of the building and walk across the street.

You will find them in Pasadena at the fashionable hotels, where they take possession of the hostelry's lobby, dining-room or patio, and three-dollar-a-day extras lounge gratefully in luxuriously upholstered chairs, while the twenty-dollar-a-day guests are told sternly by a spectacled director that they can't come through the lobby to get their mail just yet. Of course, they've paid their money for that privilege, but, as he gently points out to them, this is a MOVIE, and so will they please stand aside and not block the entrance of the electrician who wants to set up the Klieglights?

You will find them on the road from Los Angeles to the

Much Besides Wash in "Reilly's Wash Day"



1. Reilly's dog-power saw at work on a piece of pipe. One of Reilly's busy days.



2. Occasionally, in desperation, Mrs. Reilly forces her husband to be of a little use in the world.

Room for a Hint Only

In Paramount-Sennett comedies plots are not as vital as pep. There is no pep, however, in *Reilly*, who is the laziest plumber in captivity. *Reilly* (Charles Murray) lets his wife and his dog support him, his wife taking in washing, and his dog operating a treadmill which reduces *Reilly's* personal labor to a minimum. This gives him time for sightseeing. One day, in his character of a plumber, he meets *Marie*, a flirtatious young wife, and a spoony gentleman. *Reilly* is apologizing when another man appears and says that the spoony one is not *Marie's* husband. A long line of male visitors culminates in an animated suit of armor which contains a detective. *Reilly* gets himself in a fine mix, but the arrival of the real husband at last lets him out.



3. Reilly's meeting with the flirtatious Marie and her spoony companion.



4. The animated suit of armor's meeting with Reilly. Slightly unnerving.



5. The suit of armor, in its detective work about the house, creates something of a panic in the kitchen.



6. By the time the real husband arrives, there is quite a houseful of company; too full for Reilly and Marie.



PARAMOUNT-INCE

The movies are solving the housing problem, so troublesome everywhere, for this eight-room set on the Ince studio stage at Culver City is equipped with everything needful, assembled and installed in two days.

Comments and Criticisms of a Free-Lance

(Continued from page 7)

an absence from the screen for several years. A return is heralded by much advertising. At last Miss Stewart reappears under new management in costly productions. The Anita Stewart of old is not there. It quite gives one the blues to see her in such dreadful pictures. I do not think it is Miss Stewart's fault, for in the old days she contributed so much fine work to the screen. Perhaps if the directing force surrounding her were changed, the Anita of a few years back may be once more "in our midst."

Those Awful Movies!

Says Mrs. O'Grady, deputy commissioner of New York City: "The clergy, judges, educators and welfare workers of all kinds might as well lock up the churches, shut the books and close the courts, if they are going to continue to permit the showing of the filthy pictures that are being put on the screen in New York and through the country. It is a shame on our decency and civilization that this thing has been tolerated so long. Juvenile delinquency has increased in the last eight or nine years, and I know it is owing to these pictures. I am in a position to know, as I have the confidence of the young people who fall into our hands."

Whew! I hope Mrs. O'G. got it all out of her system with this outburst. It does "sound like a woman," espe-

cially a woman with a job that gives her authority to publicly express her opinion. To think that the movies are so demoralized that "clergy, judges, educators and welfare workers" strive in vain toward a high moral standard for the youth of our country! It doesn't say much for this quartet of reformers that their combined strength can do nothing to mitigate the evil. But Mrs. O'Grady is reckless in her remarks, and we beg to controvert her unjust assertions. It was to be expected that she would drag in the juvenile delinquency thing. That is quite the old gag. Many a small boy has no doubt confessed to the judge that he did what he "hadn't ought to" because he learned about it in the movies. But Mrs. O'Grady *knows*, because she has "the confidence of the young people who fall into her hands." If Mrs. O'G. knew anything about human nature, she would understand that many young people have wild and wonderful imaginations and can tell quite convincing stories that have not a particle of truth. Of course, yellow journals and suggestive sex stories, in contrast with the demoralizing motion picture, have a very uplifting influence on the youth of the land! All the young people of the country are pure and stainless until they come in contact with the movies. Having once seen a movie, they immediately do something vicious, are haled to court and become inmates of reform schools. But the movies will be with us when Mrs. O'Grady has been retired and is a commissioner no more.

Learning Piano by Correspondence Seemed Odd to Me at First

"But I decided to try it for two reasons. First: I was very busy and did not care to be tied down to certain fixed hours for my lessons. Second: I was older than most students and preferred not to occasion gossip by having a teacher call personally at my home."

"Somewhat to my surprise, I made steady and rapid progress from the very start. Not only did I learn to play rapidly and easily at sight, but also to interpret the meaning of the composer and to bring out beauties of expression which the vast majority of players are never taught to see. This made the work intensely interesting, and showed me the truth of the saying, 'one lesson with an authority is worth a dozen other lessons.' My old feeling that I needed a teacher 'at my side to show me how' vanished completely, because it was based on a misunderstanding as to what the real problems in learning piano actually are."—Quoted from a personal experience of one of my students.

Experiences like the above are not at all unusual among my students. Quite a number of them started my course in piano or organ with at least some misgiving. It is a relic of the prejudice against studying by correspondence which was so strong 25 years ago—when I started—that it very nearly lost me the fight.

But gradually the tide turned, and every year since then I have increased the number of my students until today many hundreds of men and women are studying with me in all quarters of the globe.

Every state of the Union contains scores of accomplished players of piano or organ who obtained their entire training from me by mail, and at quarter the usual cost and effort.

I will gladly refer you to any number of my graduates who will soon convince you of the surprising results they obtained by my scientific method. Write for my 64-page Free Booklet, "How To Learn Piano or Organ."

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You learn faster, *not* because anything is omitted, but because you use every possible scientific assistance—many of which are *entirely unknown* to the average teacher. My patented invention the COLOROTONE sweeps away playing difficulties that have troubled students for generations. By its use, Transposition—usually a "nightmare" to students—becomes easy and fascinating. It enables you, in your *third* lesson, to play an interesting piece not only in the original key, but in all other keys as well. This one fact saves you *months* of valuable time. The COLOROTONE is patented and cannot be used by any other teacher or conservatory.

Finger Action Shown by Moving Pictures

With my fifth lesson I send you another important and exclusive invention, QUINN-DEX, a mechanical "movie." It shows you every movement of my wrists, hands and fingers at the keyboard. You see the fingers move, as clearly as if thrown on the moving picture screen. You do not have to reproduce your teacher's finger movements from your MEMORY—which naturally cannot be always accurate. Instead, you have the correct models *right before your eyes* during every minute of practice. You follow them minutely and exactly without any chance of error or misunderstanding. Without Quinn-dex much of your time (and your teacher's time) would be devoted to correcting bad habits acquired through faulty practice. This discourages more students and wastes more time than any other single factor. Quinn-dex does away with it entirely. You cannot obtain anything like Quinn-dex except from me. Moving pictures have never before been applied to piano instruction. Quinn-dex is operated easily and simply by hand, and even a child can successfully use it. It contains over 600 separate pictures. Quinn-dex is fully explained in my free booklet "How To Learn Piano or Organ." Write today.

Lessons 43 Cents Each

The old way of studying with a so-called "private teacher" by the oral or spoken method possesses many obvious disadvantages. If you want a teacher "all to yourself" and yet can afford only \$1 to \$3 a lesson, you naturally cannot expect the highest grade of instruction. To obtain the *entire exclusive* attention of a *real* authority for so small a fee would usually be impossible. Furthermore, by the old-fashioned oral method, at least half your "private teacher's" time is absolutely *thrown away* in giving you routine instructions about clef signs, measure bars, sharps, flats, the value of notes and rests, etc., etc., which are *necessarily* the same for all students and could just as easily be put into writing. Of course you can't remember a *quarter* of what he tells you, so most of your next lesson is taken up going over the same material again. This truly sinful waste is entirely done away with by my WRITTEN METHOD. Your routine instructions are all in *writing* for reference any time, day or night. Nothing is forgotten nor needlessly repeated. You obtain as much of my time *as you really need*, and every minute of it is devoted to your *real guidance*, and *not* to routine instructions. In all *essential* ways you are in closer touch with me than if you were studying by the oral method—yet my lessons cost you only 43 cents each—and they include all the many recent developments in scientific teaching. For the student of moderate means, this method of studying is *far superior* to all others, even for the wealthiest student, there is nothing *better* at any price. You may be certain that your progress is at all times in accord with the best musical thought of the *present* world.

Investigate Without Cost—Special Offer

My method is endorsed by distinguished musicians and educators who certainly would not recommend a second-rate system. It is for beginners, or experienced players, from 14 to over 60 years of age. You progress as rapidly or slowly as you wish, in spare time at home. All necessary music is included *free* and becomes *your property*. Diploma and degree granted. The Tuition Fee is now, for a short time, cut exactly in half, on account of our Twenty-Fifth Anniversary Offer. Investigate without cost or obligation. Write today, using postcard, letter or Free Book Coupon for my 64-page free book, "How to Learn Piano or Organ."



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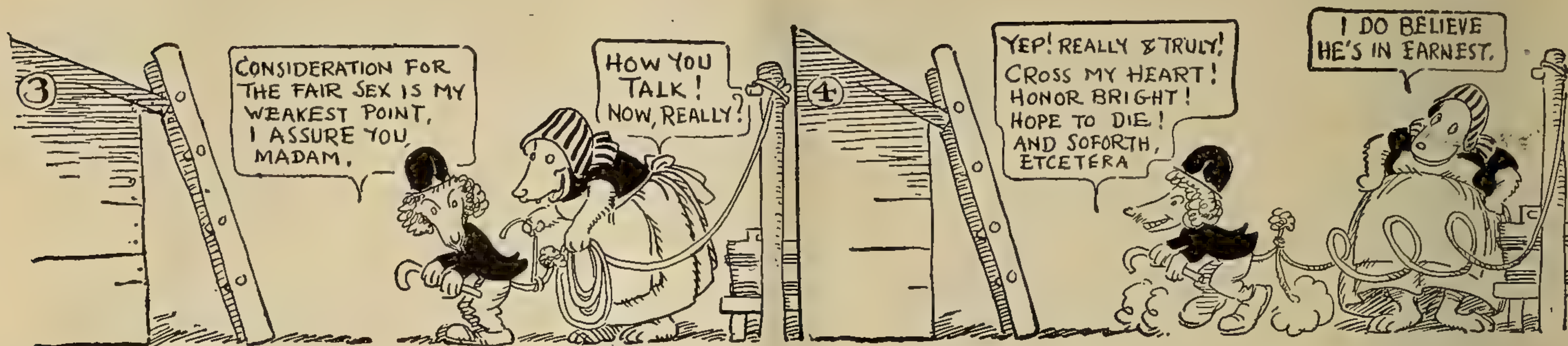
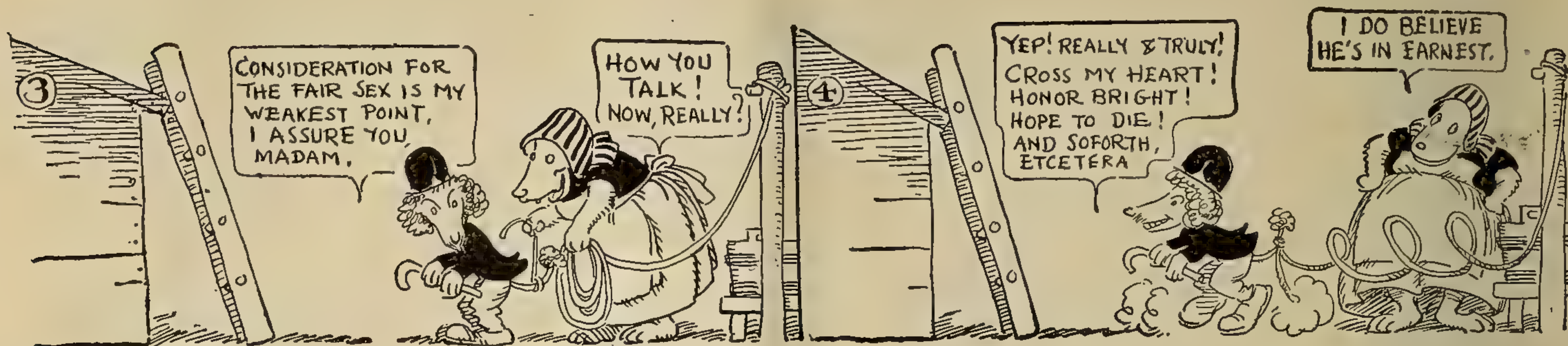
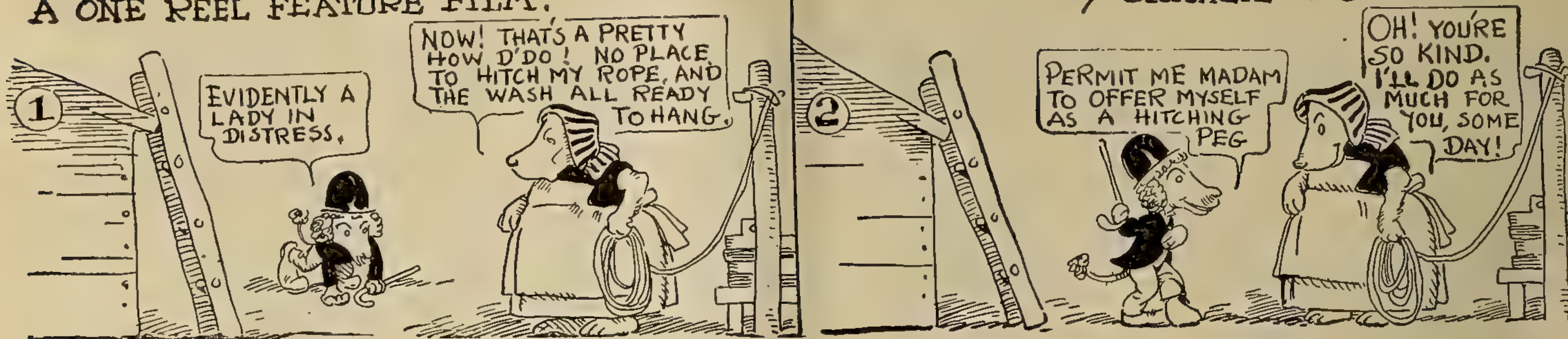
Studio ZS

Social Union Bldg.

Boston, Mass.

A ONE REEL FEATURE FILM.

By CHAWLIE OF DOGLAND.



Gangway for the Movies!

(Continued from page 31)

the monkey could be shown springing onto it as it passed by the organ grinder, and get some comedy out of the monk at the wheel, or whatever it is they steer street cars with.

Whereupon Joe calmly flagged the next incoming interurban and asked the motorman and conductor if they would volunteer their services in running the little car onto the main line for a few minutes.

"Sall right with us if the company says so," the twain answered in chorus.

Joe called up the company and said the magic word "MOVIES" into the telephone.

"Sall right with us," said the obliging company.

So the interurban was stopped, and the make-believe car took the right-of-way, while all the passengers got out to watch, and the conductors of other street cars, blockaded for the sake of art, spent a good fifteen minutes of the company's time—and money—watching Joe direct a sassy little monkey, in a red hat and coat, collect a nickel from pretty Pearl Chappelle, leading woman, and frighten the bibulous comedy-motorman into a "Never-again" repentance. There is red tape, of course, in all such proceedings, but there is never any difficulty in cutting through it if the magical word "movies" is used.

Is it any wonder that Los Angeles is blase so far as thrills go? Pedestrians are not intimidated by the sight of painted Indians racing along Hollywood Boulevard on pinto ponies, nor are they alarmed when an auto-load of striped convicts goes by. It's just a movie outfit.

Perhaps a timid, frightened girl is being forced into a waiting machine against her will; but her cries for help are ignored. The passer-by only looks around to be sure that he hasn't gotten in front of the camera. And if a policeman is seen to chase a masked ruffian down the street with a drawn revolver and waving club, the innocent bystander continues to stand by; otherwise he would bring upon himself the wrath of the director, who is following in an auto, urging both chaser and chasee to "C'mon! put some pep in it!"

"They couldn't get away with that high-handed stuff in St. Louis, where I came from!" sputtered a disgruntled tourist, who found himself locked in a

(Continued on page 40)

PARISIAN PEARLS



**THE
ARISTOCRAT
OF ALL
JEWELS**

**NOW
WITHIN
THE REACH
OF ALL**

Are the peer of any imitation pearls in this country, and in beauty, lustre and permanence equal ANY pearls in the world.

This beautiful necklace, 18 inches long, with 14-Kt. Gold clasp, will be sent to any address in the United States, upon receipt of \$10.00.

Discriminating leaders of society were not slow to appreciate the value and beauty of "Parisian Pearls."

"Parisian Pearls," exquisite in coloring, of a subdued iridescence and delicate lustre, compare most favorably with the finest and most costly Oriental Pearls.

Send us \$10.00 for the necklace illustrated above. Examine it as carefully as you like. Compare it with a necklace of genuine pearls. Show it to your friends—to your jeweler. Then, if you are not satisfied in every way, return it to us within three days and we will refund your money.

The length of the necklace illustrated is 18 inches; if any extra length is required, the cost is \$1.00 per inch. We make a specialty of long ropes of "Parisian Pearls."

Let us send you our descriptive booklet with prices, showing other articles in which "Parisian Pearls" predominate.

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The "Letters of a Self-Made Failure"

ran serially for ten weeks in Leslie's and were quoted by more than 200 publications. If you sit in "the driver's seat," or merely plod along beside the wagon, whether you are a success or think yourself a failure, you will find this book full of hope, help and the right kind of inspiration.

If you believe that it is more important to know why ten thousand fail rather than why one man succeeds, read this book. The Letters are written in epigrammatic style with a touch of irresistible humor, and they impart a system of quaint philosophy that will appeal to everyone regardless of age, sex or station. Price \$1.00.

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Screen Scrapple

By H. R.

I HAVE seen the new William Fox photoplay, "Pitfalls of a Big City," and it has nothing to do with New York's subway system.

On second thought there is a reason for the popularity of the vampire picture. Every woman at heart believes herself a siren and sees in the vampire of the screen the replica of what she could have been had she been given the chance. Even Theda Bara feels this way about it.

The subject of vampires brings us quite naturally to Louise Glaum. She is of the school which believes that veils are everything in the life of a vampire. Her trust in them is really a beautiful thing—but I wish she would rely more upon such trivial details as story and facial expression.

The man who goes to the movies only to see the educational subjects is second cousin to the man who goes to the circus just to please the kids.

I read of a film star the other day who admitted the ripe old age of twenty, which remarkable antiquity immediately made me lose interest.

Sammy Shipman, the playwright, boasts that he wrote his new play, "Lambs and Lions," in four days. We hope his candor won't prompt the scenarists to admit the length of time required to turn out some of their compositions. It helps the illusion not to know what they do with their spare moments.

Perhaps no character is so grossly misrepresented in celluloid as the village gossip. I am one who believes in gossiping as a great institution and in giving credit where credit is due. Why, a first-rate feminine gossip (the word feminine being superfluous) can do more damage than a boa constrictor, yet she is always subordinated to the city villain who leads the ingenue astray.

Why do mothers and sons of the photoplay drama invariably flirt and coquette with each other? I have seen them show all the symptoms of a broken heart when about to part for an hour or so. Can it be that some of

our well-known directors never had a mother?

There are times in her newest photoplay, "Thou Shalt Not!" when Evelyn Nesbitt comes nigh unto dying from sheer girlish innocence and embarrassment. The first close-up of her hiding demurely behind a floppy hat is followed by a caption which explains the difficult situation. It runs: "She hardly knew she was a woman, so sweetly she grew." The star bears the onrush of chastity bravely and emerges from the picture with a goodly show of serenity, wearing a determined expression and doing her best to look like an advertisement of that popular song, "I'm but a stranger here, heaven is my home."

Virtue seems to be holding its ground this season after having been slighted by authors for a decade or more. We now have "Virtuous Wives" and "Virtuous Men," and the box office would seem to indicate that virtue is its own reward. Patrons are showing a desire to learn something of this long-neglected and unfamiliar accomplishment.

The heartlessness shown by directors and script writers in killing off characters—particularly aged ones—is appalling! They think nothing of killing mother in order to allow daughter a peep at the city and of killing father for some equally selfish reason. And these pretty death-bed close-ups always cheer one so, sort of furnishing the light, pleasant touch that finishes the perfect day.



PARAMOUNT

We all enjoy ghost stories, and they are likely to gain favor if gentle "ha'nts" of this sort are encountered. It is Enid Bennett in "The Haunted Bedroom."

Someone has observed, and not without acumen, that it takes all kinds of people to make a world, which comforting thought accounts in a measure for various people who at very first glance fail to soak up any of our enthusiasm. Take, for instance, the person who knows for a certainty that Mary Pickford doesn't make a million a year, and that Gene O'Brien hasn't a natural wave in his hair. Such lack of imagination only hurts the industry ostensibly. Can't you see how its very injustice serves to fire the enthusiastic press agent to even greater heights than he has ever known?

A law should be passed to prevent the reckless use of firearms on the screen. This would safeguard the future of the budding young scenarist, who labors under the delusion at present that a few shots make a drama. Just as a few swallows don't make a summer, so a few conveniently placed revolvers do not make a play. I am one who has the future of the youthful scribe at heart, and I object to having older authors impose upon him. A recent photoplay by a well-known author which exploited an international star turned helplessly to the revolver on the slightest provocation. And the thousands of aspiring scenario writers who watched hung on the shots, poisoned their minds with the smoking powder, and went home to write a script for Geraldine Farrar.

Now that all is over but the shouting, the Government announces that the heretofore censored war films can now be shown to the public. Here is a splendid chance for the people to learn all those little, intimate war "secrets" which were hitherto only known to the enemy.

Film Fun

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The Cutting Room

The Answer Man's waste basket yields many discarded ideas as interesting as the bits clipped from a feature film at the behest of the censors. A. Messenger has compiled some of these. Let us know if you like them.

Ambitious: Extras are not in demand, and unless you need discipline in patience, we advise you to hunt an easier job. Lucky applicants usually average about one day a week, although frequently they deem it expedient to "boost" their luck by an application of coin-in-the-palm. Five dollars a day is no longer standard. Many agencies supply all the extras a director requires, receiving pay at the rate of three dollars a day, out of which one dollar is retained as commission, leaving but two dollars for the extra. Sad, but true. And this break is due to an invasion of "fans" who like the work and can afford to put in as much time as required for two dollars a week!

Scadsby: Yes, there is room for you in the picture game. A million will last you quite a while. The best way in is by the production entrance. You can make good pictures by spending anywhere from five thousand a reel up to—the sky limit. Many pictures are put on nowadays for less than five thousand dollars a reel, but I take it you want to sell yours after they are made. You stand a chance of succeeding with only one play, if your leads are clever and your scenario a good one; but a series is better, because the well-laid plans of producers do not invariably succeed in this business, and in a series a shock absorber is provided for.

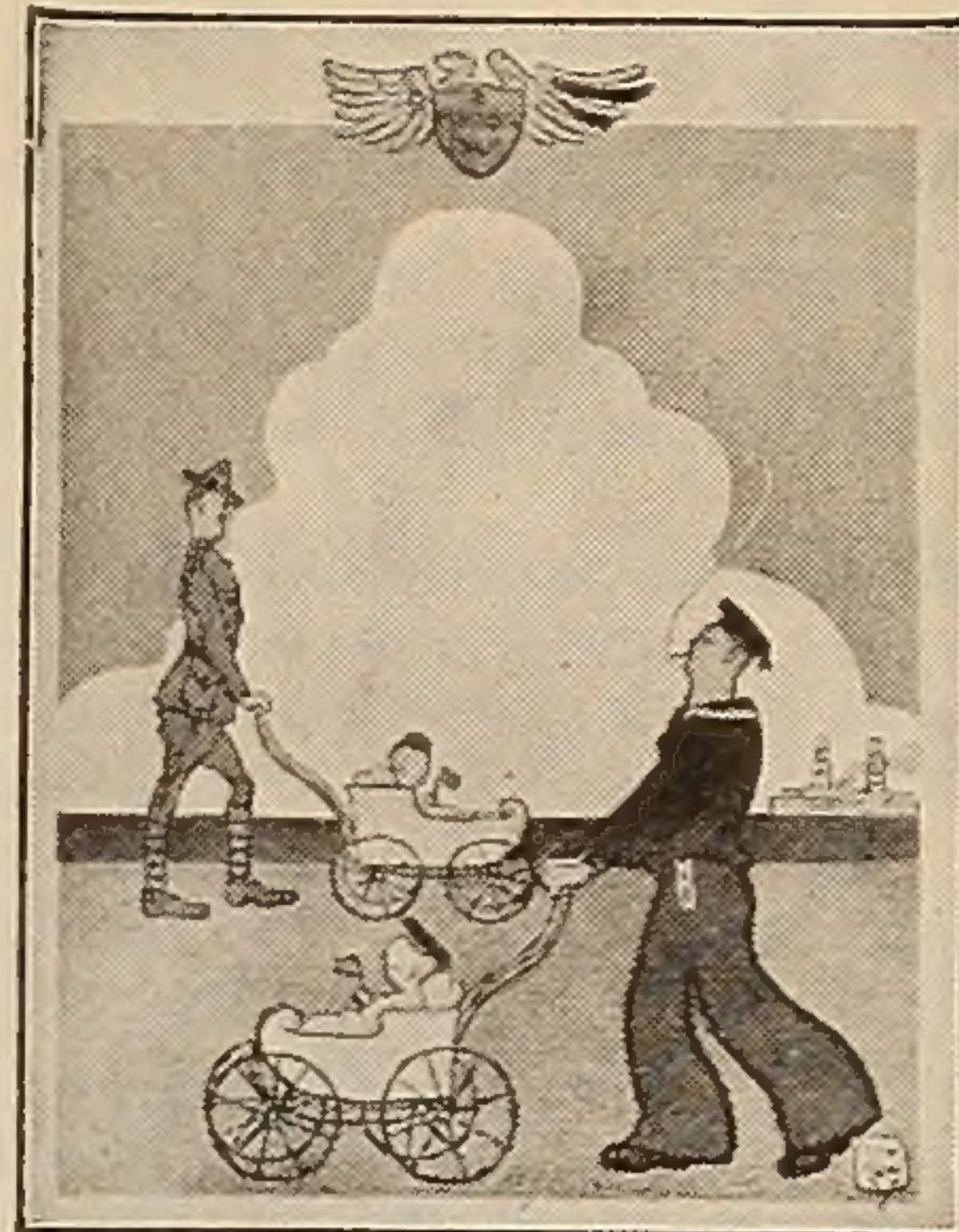
Can't Get a Job: Then, if I were you, I'd make one of my own. A few square miles of land you couldn't farm for anything else under heaven will yield handsome returns as a "location," if you can interest the proper parties. It is worth considering. The limited area hitherto in such general use and demand is becoming so familiar to fans that a change would be welcomed.

Otherwise

"What a lot of motion picture actresses and directors are married to each other! That proves"—

"That they got married before they entered the business."

The Army and Navy Forever



Here's a picture, humorous as it seems, there appears to be an aspect of true American patriotism to it, and at this particular time of affairs it is making a tremendous hit.

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Gangway for the Movies!

(Continued from page 37)

traffic jam while a movie queen emoted in the middle of the street.

"Of course they couldn't," retorted a seasoned native son of California, who was also waiting, but philosophically. "What's more, they don't go there. They stay here in Los Angeles, where the slogan is 'Gangway for the MOVIES!'"

Putting the O. K. in Location

(Continued from page 16)

discovered, it's generally on top of a mountain, and the camera has to be carried up there. There are always power wires in the way, and when you look around for a place to set up, you find there isn't room for both the camera and the company, so the company leaves.

"You sometimes get a peach of a location—let us say, a mountain hut—and you schedule the scene, only to be told by a morose property man that if he is expected to get an auto-truck load of props up the side of that Woolworth Building, you'll have to furnish him with an elevator or give him wings.

"Then the director will sometimes pick out a lovely shaded nook in which the star is to be made love to, and it is so beautifully shaded that not a ray of light can get into it—which makes it worthless for photographic purposes, even if it does fit the script."

"Well, then, it's quite impossible to satisfy everyone about locations?" I asked.

"No, not exactly impossible, but highly improbable," he answered cautiously. "Someone, of course, has to put the O. K. in location, but no one seems to know who it is!"

The Other Side of Motion Pictures

Homer Croy, the well-known humorist and novelist, has produced, in "How Motion Pictures Are Made," a book which will interest hosts of readers. Many theater-goers have wondered at the realistic effects in some of the great movie performances. Mr. Croy "lets the cat out of the bag" and tells in extremely interesting fashion how these remarkable scenes are prepared for and produced. Some of the scenes, the mystery of which he unveils, are glimpses of Venice, Oriental cities, railroad accidents, plunges down catacombs, mine explosions, battles, etc. The volume distinctly brings out the marvelous ingenuity of the scenic artists and mechanics of the modern stage. As nearly everybody is interested in moving pictures, these pages should command a large circle of readers. New York, Harper & Bros. Price, \$4 net.

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LEGAL NOTICE.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, Management, etc., required by Act of Congress of August 24th, 1912. Film Fun, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for April 1st, 1919.

State of New York }
County of New York } ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Reuben P. Sleicher, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of Film Fun and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24th, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit: 1.—That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager, are: Publisher, Leslie-Judge Company, 225 5th Ave., New York, N. Y.; Editor, Jessie Niles Burness, 225 5th Ave., New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, A. H. Folwell, 225 5th Ave., New York, N. Y.; Business Manager, Reuben P. Sleicher, 225 5th Ave., New York, N. Y. 2.—That the owner is, and stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of stock, are: Owner, Leslie-Judge Company, 225 5th Ave., New York, N. Y.; Stockholders, John A. Sleicher, 225 5th Ave., New York, N. Y.; Anthony N. Brady Estate, 54 Wall St., New York, N. Y. 3.—That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities, are: John A. Sleicher, 225 5th Ave., New York, N. Y.; Mary Peckham Sleicher, 710 Madison Ave., Albany, N. Y.; Reuben P. Sleicher, 225 5th Ave., New York, N. Y.; City Real Estate Company, 176 Broadway, New York, N. Y.; Anthony N. Brady Estate, 54 Wall Street, New York, N. Y. 4.—That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders and security holders, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bonafide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds or other securities than as so stated by him. REUBEN P. SLEICHER. (Signature of the Business Manager.)

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 20th day of March, 1919. A. E. ROLLAUER, Notary Public, Queens County No. 962; Certificate filed in New York County No. 201; New York County Register's No. 9165; Commission Expires March 30th, 1919.

HERE'S A CHANCE

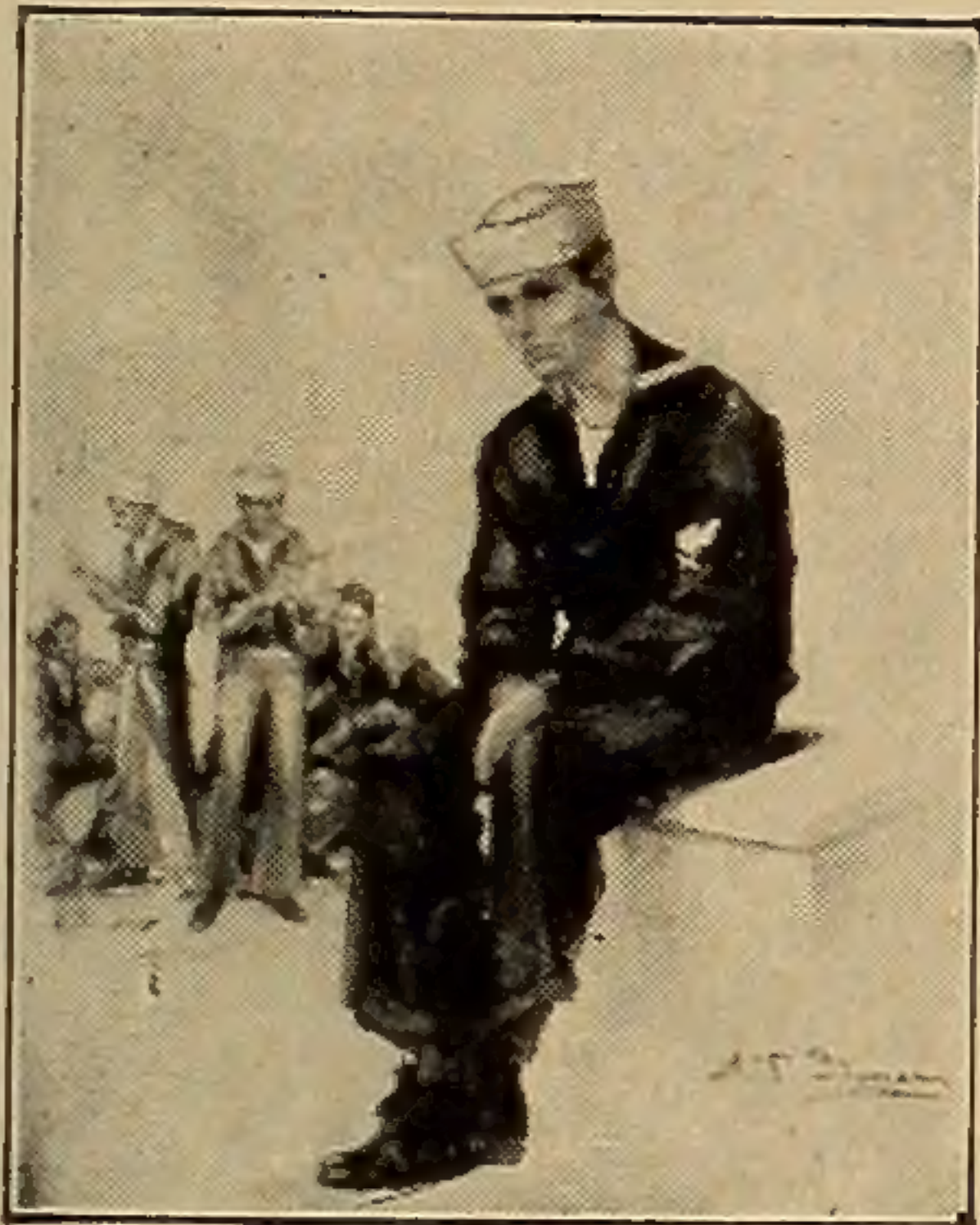
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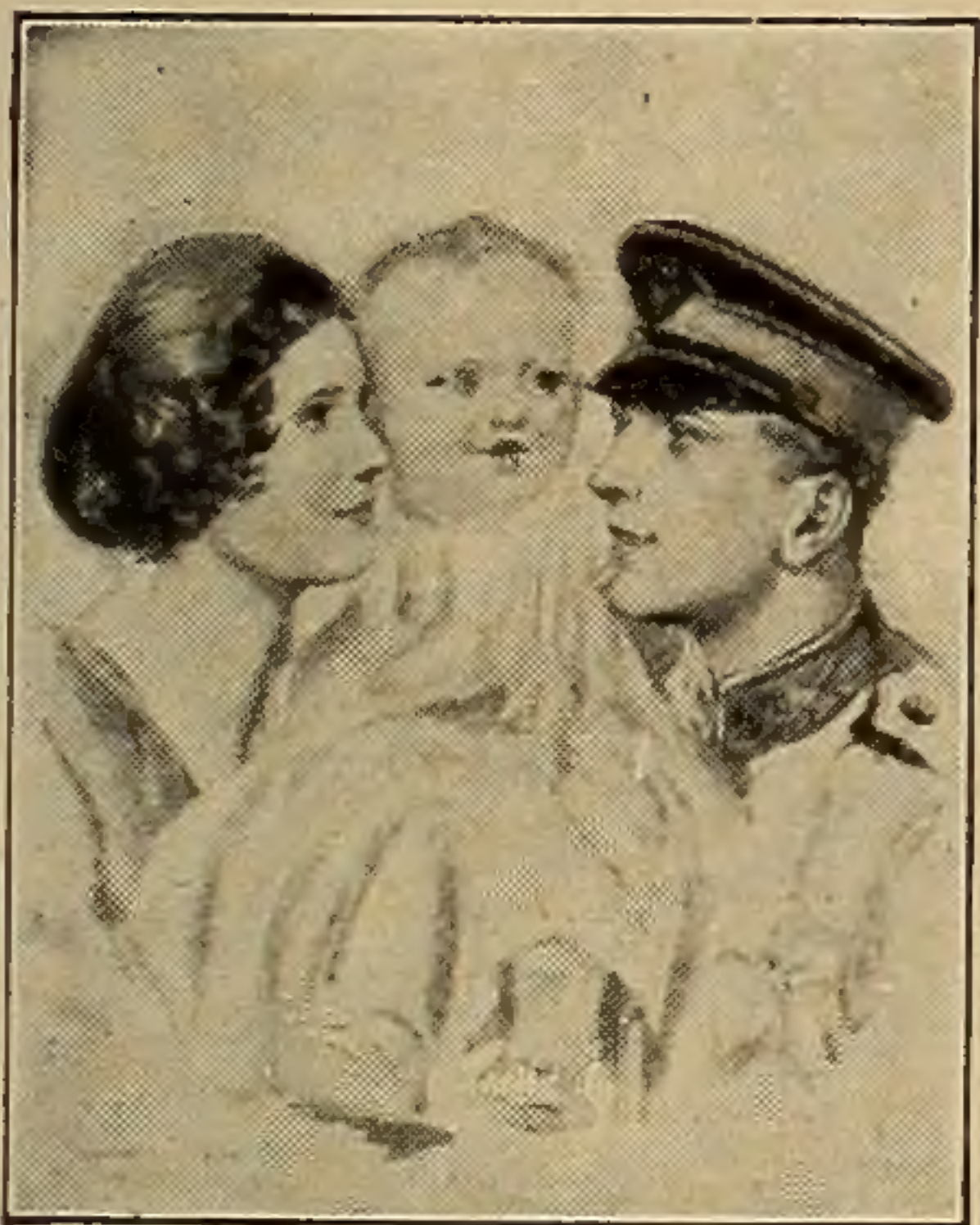
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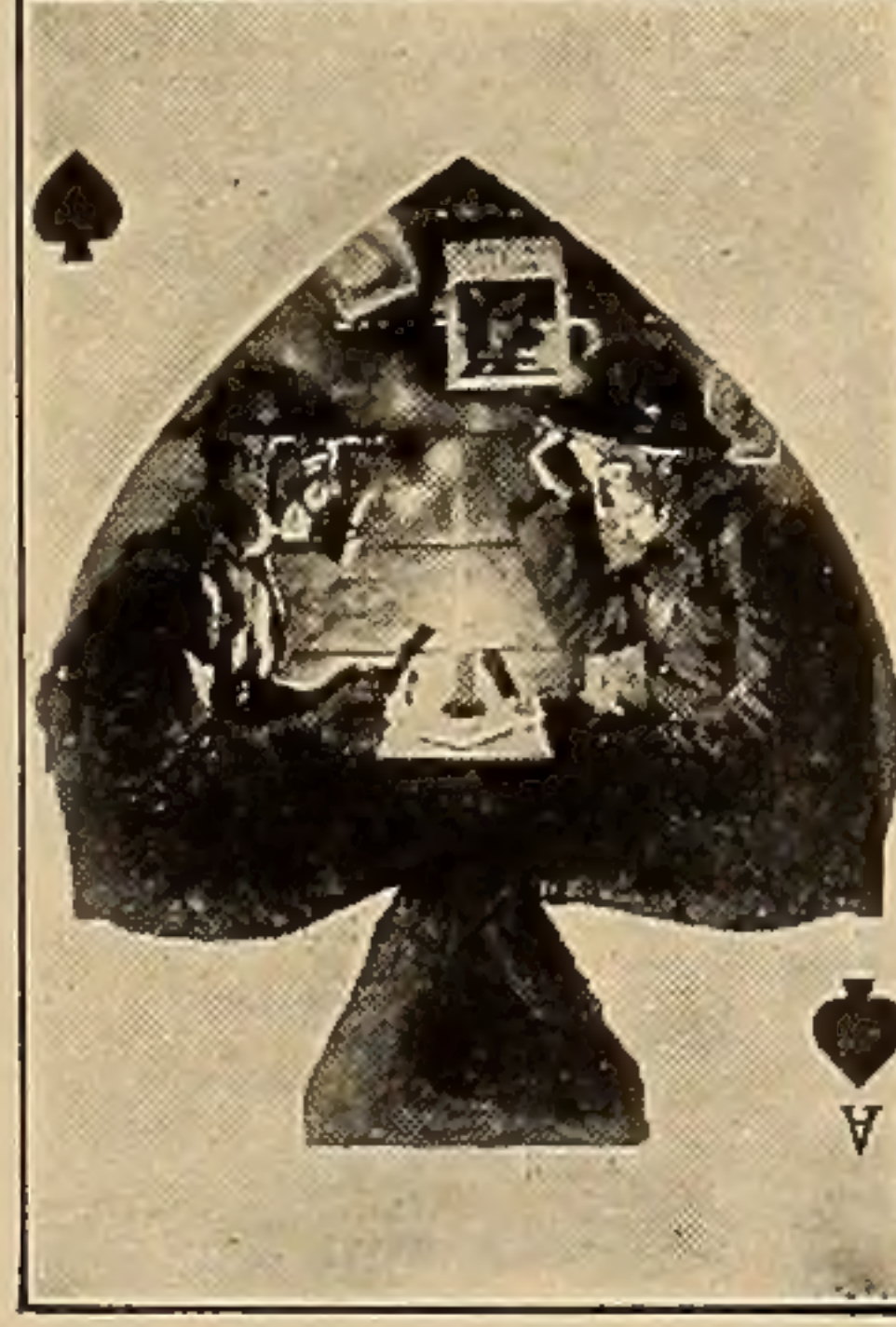
A Present from Her Sailor Friend



War Babies



Petticoats and Pants



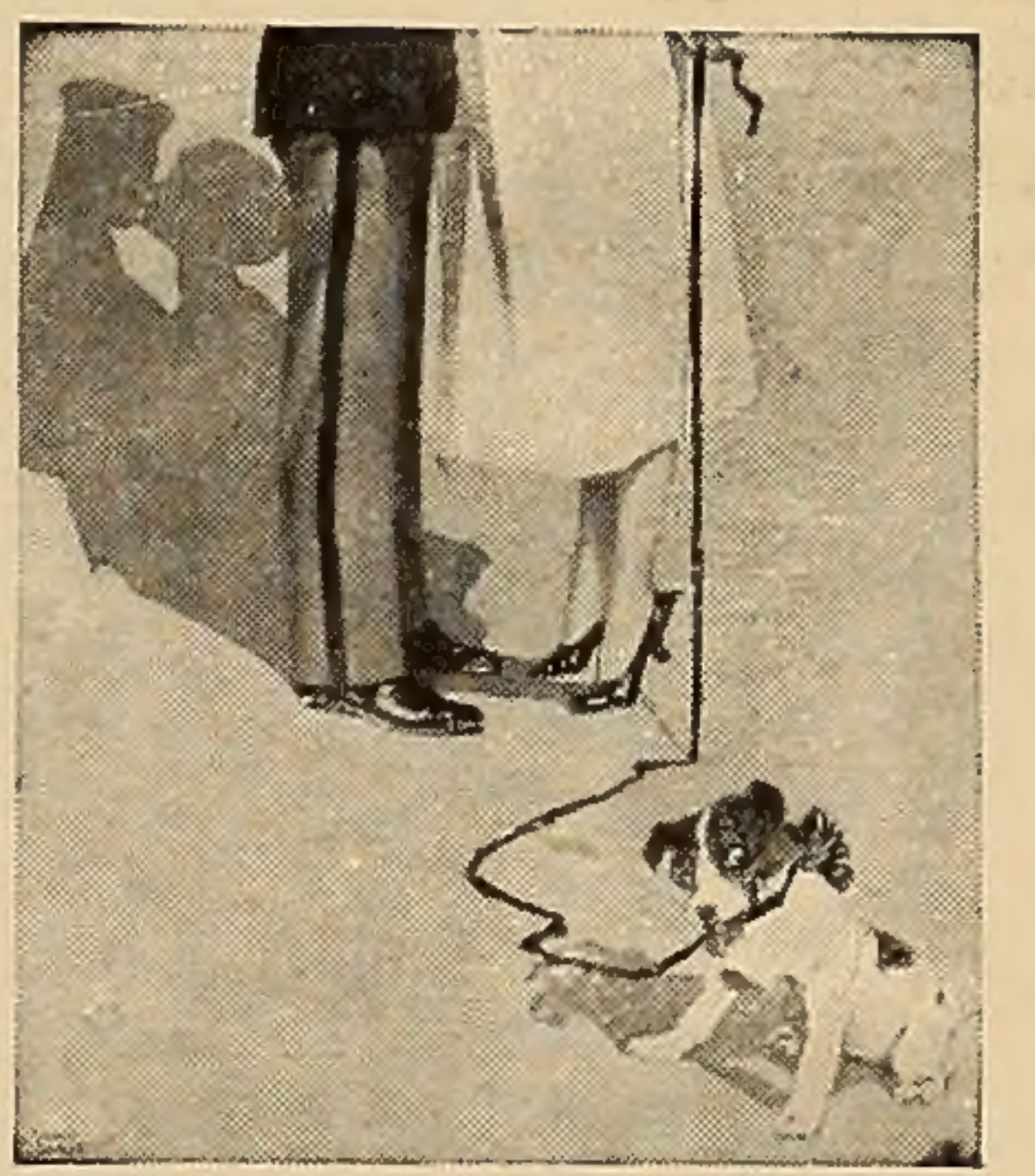
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